THE

1797

SPECTATOR,

VOLUME FIFTH.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

Serfojee Rajah 1827

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON.

THE TANJORE * SARASWATI MAHAL

MY LORD,

THE Author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of ſome great perſon to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordſhip's patronage upon the ſame account. I muſt confeſs, my Lord, had not I already received great inſtances of your favour, I ſhould have been afraid of ſubmitting a work of this nature to your peruſal. You are ſo thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human

life, that it is impoſſible for the leaſt miſrepreſentation of them to eſcape your notice. It is your Lordſhip's particular diſtinction, that you are maſter of the whole compaſs of buſineſs, and have ſignalized yourſelf in all the different ſcenes of it. We admire ſome for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; ſome for their clearneſs of judgment, others for their happineſs of expreſſion; ſome for the laying of ſchemes, and others for the putting of them in execution: it is your Lordſhip only who enjoys theſe ſeveral talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others poſſeſs them ſingly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordſhip's character, at the ſame time that they uſe their utmoſt induſtry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that thoſe who are now your enemies were always ſo. You have acted in ſo much conſiſtency with yourſelf, and promoted the intereſts of your country in ſo uniform a manner, that even thoſe who would miſrepreſent your generous deſigns for the public good, cannot but approve the ſteadineſs and intrepidity with which you purſue

them.

them. It is a moſt ſenſible pleaſure to me that I have this opportunity of profeſſing myſelf one of your great admirers, and in a very particular manner,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient

humble Servant,

The Spectator.

THE

SPECTATOR.

No 322. MONDAY, March 10, 1712.

By STEELE.

Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.

HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 110.

——Grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd ſoul.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is often ſaid, after a man has heard a ſtory with extraordinary circumſtances, it is a very good one if it be true: but, as for the following relation, I ſhould be glad were I ſure it were falſe. It is told with ſuch ſimplicity, and there are ſo many artleſs touches of diſtreſs in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the ſame houſe with a young gentleman of merit; with whoſe good qualities I was ſo much taken, as to make it my endeavour to ſhew as many as I was able in myſelf. Familiar converſe improved general civilities into an unfeigned paſſion on both ſides. He watched an opportunity to declare himſelf to me; and I, who could not expect a man of ſo great an eſtate as his, received his addreſſes in ſuch terms as gave him no reaſon to believe I was diſpleaſed with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more eaſy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; ſo that there was no reaſon to believe he would eaſily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's perſon or character that could balance the diſadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time, the ſon continued his application to me, and omitted no occaſion of de-

'monstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable
'to me; and, in plain direct terms, offered to marry me
'privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to
'gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his
'estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe
'I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to
'grant. However, I was not so young, as not to take
'the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant,
'who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at
'the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a
'certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the
'servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we
'conversed together very familiarly in the same house;
'but the restraints we were generally under, and the inter-
'views we had being stolen and interrupted, made our
'behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fond-
'ness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gra-
'tified affection which is to be observed in man and wife.
'This observation made the father very anxious for his
'son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him.
'To relieve my husband from this importunity, and con-
'ceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to
'know would not be long in my power in town, it was
'resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the
'country, and converse, under feigned names, by letter.
'We long continued this way of commerce; and I, with
'my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my
'husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expecta-
'tion of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that
'within four months after I left my husband I was de-
'livered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after
'her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of
'life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute
'of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of
'all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns,
'who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the
'neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half-understanding,
'and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and
'things, without any sense of time and place. The poor
'ignorant people where I lay concealed and now passed
'for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange,
'as they called it, to the 'squire; and were bribed by

'him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened 'to be sitting in a little parlour, which belonged to my 'own part of the house, and musing over one of the 'fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept 'the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow 'came in, and, with the nauseous familiarity of such un-'bred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was 'immediately under so great a concern, that I threw my-'self at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, 'with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, 'swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, 'he more curious, till at last, with an indignation aris-'ing from a passion I then first discovered in him, he 'threw the papers into the fire, swearing, that since he 'was not to read them, the man who writ them should 'never be so happy as to have me read them over again. 'It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches 'made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and 'out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on 'this accident with more than ordinary sorrow: however, 'such was then my confidence in my husband, that I 'writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper 'of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three 'posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could 'not then send me what I asked for, but when he could 'find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. 'From this time, his letters were more cold every day 'than another, and, as he grew indifferent, I grew jea-'lous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find 'both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my 'husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a 'young lady whom he married in obedience to his fa-'ther. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should 'I come to the house and confront him, the father would 'join in supporting him against me, though he believed 'my story; should I talk it to the world, what repara-'tion can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I 'believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to re-'sign my pretensions to him for some provision for my 'life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what 'he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at 'the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him

'remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. *Spectator*, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then do you think is my piercing affliction!——I leave you to represent my distress your own way; in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T 'OCTAVIA.'

No 323. TUESDAY, March 11.

By ADDISON.

——*Modò vir, modò fœmina.*—— VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman. (*a*)

THE journal with which I presented my readers on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, the Whoremaster's Journal, and, among several others, a very curious piece, entitled, The journal of a Mohock. By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her

wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but, as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of 'your last week's papers, I have performed mine 'according to your orders; and herewith send it you in-'closed. You must know, Mr. *Spectator*, that I am a 'maiden-lady of a good fortune, who have had several 'matches offered me for these ten years last past, and 'have at present warm applications made to me by a very 'pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up 'to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the 'manner you will find in the following journal, which I 'began to write upon the very day after your Spectator 'upon that subject.'

TUESDAY *night*. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From eight till ten*. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning*. Dreamed that I punted (*b*) to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at a window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day; not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke my blue china-cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation. Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front-box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out, Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. *Eight o'clock.* Waked by Miss Kitty. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a *G. Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and, indeed, never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not

‘ think they took up ſo much of my time and thoughts as ‘ I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I ‘ will turn off, if you inſiſt upon it; and if Mr. Froth does ‘ not bring matters to a concluſion very ſuddenly, I will ‘ not let my life run away in a dream.

‘ Your humble ſervant,

‘ CLARINDA.’

To reſume one of the morals of my firſt paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her conſider what a pretty figure ſhe would make among poſterity, were the hiſtory of her whole life publiſhed like theſe five days of it. I ſhall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's ſiſter, a lady who ſeems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The laſt thought of it is ſo very noble, that I dare ſay my reader will pardon me the quotation.

On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke.

Underneath this marble hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, as good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee. L

No 324. WEDNESDAY, March 12.

By STEELE and others.

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cæleſtium inanes!

PERS. Sat. 2. v. 61.

O ſouls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!

DRYDEN.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ THE materials you have collected together towards ‘ a general hiſtory of clubs (*a*), make ſo bright a ‘ part of your ſpeculations, that I think it is but a juſtice

'we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such as-'sistances as may promote that useful work. For this rea-'son, I could not forbear communicating to you some im-'perfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow 'them a place in that species of being) who have lately 'erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the 'title of the Mohock Club; a name borrowed, it seems, 'from a sort of Cannibals in India, who subsist by plun-'dering and devouring all the nations about them. The 'president is stiled Emperor of the Mohocks (*b*), and his 'arms are a Turkish crescent, which his Imperial Majesty 'bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven 'upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed 'design of their institution is mischief, and upon this foun-'dation all their rules and orders are framed. An out-'rageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fel-'low-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and 'the only qualification required in the members. In or-'der to exert this principle in its full strength and per-'fection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that 'is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of 'reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and 'attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets 'through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, 'others stabbed, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the 'watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffen-'sive militia, is reckoned a *coup d' eclat*. The particular 'talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished 'from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbari-'ties which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are 'celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon 'them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to 'the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers: o-'thers are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scho-'lars to cut capers, by running swords through their legs; 'a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell: 'a third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set wo-'men on their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or 'rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose; but 'these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very 'shocking to the reader as well as the *Spectator*. In 'this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and

'by the ſtanding maxims of their policy, are to enter into 'no alliances but one, and that is offenſive and defenſive 'with all bawdy-houſes in general, of which they have 'declared themſelves protectors and guarantees.

'I muſt own, Sir, theſe are only broken incoherent 'memoirs of this wonderful ſociety, but they are the beſt 'I have been yet able to procure; for, being but of late 'eſtabliſhment, is not ripe for a juſt hiſtory; and, to be 'ſerious, the chief deſign of this trouble is to hinder it 'from ever being ſo. You have been pleaſed, out of a 'concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under 'the character of *Spectator*, not only the part of a looker-'on, but an overſeer of their actions; and whenever ſuch 'enormities as this infeſt the town, we immediately fly 'to you for redreſs. I have reaſon to believe, that ſome 'thoughtleſs youngſters, out of a falſe notion of bravery, 'and an immoderate fondneſs to be diſtinguiſhed for fel-'lows of fire, are inſenſibly hurried into this ſenſeleſs 'ſcandalous project: Such will probably ſtand correct-'ed by your reproofs, eſpecially, if you inform them 'that it is not courage for half a ſcore fellows, mad with 'wine and luſt, to ſet upon two or three ſoberer than 'themſelves; and that the manners of Indian ſavages are 'no becoming accompliſhments to an Engliſh fine gentle-'man. Such of them as have been bullies and ſcowrers 'of a long ſtanding, and are grown veterans in this kind of 'ſervice, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impreſ-'ſions from your admonitions. But I beg you would re-'commend to their peruſal your ninth ſpeculation; they 'may there be taught to take warning from the club of 'duelliſts; and be put in mind, that the common fate of 'thoſe men of honour was to be hanged.

'I am, Sir,

March 10. 'Your moſt humble ſervant,
1711-12. 'PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may obſerve, at the ſame view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is ſhewn in its ſimplicities, and how deteſtable in barbarities. It is written by an honeſt countryman to his miſtreſs, and came

to the hands of a lady of good ſenſe, wrapped about a thread paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artleſs love.

To her I very much reſpect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'LOVELY, and oh! that I could write loving Mrs. 'Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuſe 'preſumption. Having been ſo happy as to enjoy the ſight 'of your ſweet countenance and comely body, ſometimes 'when I had occaſion to buy treacle or liquoriſh powder 'at the apothecary's ſhop, I am ſo enamoured with you, 'that I can no more keep cloſe my flaming deſire to be'come your ſervant. And I am the more bold now to 'write to your ſweet ſelf, becauſe I am now my own man, 'and may match where I pleaſe; for my father is taken 'away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten 'yard land, and a houſe; and there is never a yard of 'land in our field but is as well worth ten pound a-year 'as a thief is worth a halter; and all my brothers and 'ſiſters are provided for: beſides, I have good houſehold 'ſtuff, though I ſay it, both braſs and pewter, linens and 'woollens; and though my houſe be thatched, yet, if 'you and I match, it ſhall go hard but I will have one 'half of it ſlated. If you think well of this motion, I 'will wait upon you as ſoon as my new clothes is made, 'and hay-harveſt is in. I could, though I ſay it, have 'good——————' The reſt is torn off; and poſterity muſt be contented to know that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover (*c*.)

No 325. THURSDAY, March 13.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

——Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedit si tu discedere possis.

OVID. Met. l. 3. v. 432.

[From the fable of NARCISSUS.]
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes:
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could shew her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to

find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glaſs, in which after ſhe had viewed her own face with more pleaſure than ſhe had ever done before, ſhe returned the box with a ſmile, telling him, ſhe could not but admire at his choice.

Will fancying that his ſtory took, immediately fell into a diſſertation on the uſefulneſs of looking-glaſſes; and, applying himſelf to me, aſked if there were any looking-glaſſes in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often obſerved, in the tranſlations of poems out of thoſe languages, that people generally talked of ſeeing themſelves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers: Nay, ſays he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a ſwinging fellow called Polypheme, that made uſe of the ſea for his looking-glaſs, and could never dreſs himſelf to advantage but in a calm.

My friend *Will*, to ſhew us the whole compaſs of his learning upon this ſubject, further informed us, that there were ſtill ſeveral nations in the world ſo very barbarous as not to have any looking-glaſſes among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is ſaid, that the ladies of Chili always dreſs their heads over a baſon of water.

I am the more particular in my account of *Will's* laſt night's lecture on theſe natural mirrors, as it ſeems to bear ſome relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

'Sir,

I HAVE read your laſt Saturday's obſervation on the fourth book of Milton with great ſatisfaction, 'and am particularly pleaſed with the hidden moral, 'which you have taken notice of in ſeveral parts of the 'poem. The deſign of this letter is to deſire your 'thoughts, whether there may not alſo be ſome moral 'couched under that place in the ſame book, where the 'poet lets us know, that the firſt woman, immediately 'after her creation, ran to a looking-glaſs, and became 'ſo enamoured of her own face, that ſhe had never re-'moved to view any of the other works of nature, had 'ſhe not been led off to a man. If you think fit to ſet 'down the whole paſſage from Milton, your readers will

'be able to judge for themſelves, and the quotation will 'not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

'Your humble ſervant,

'R. T.'

The laſt conſideration urged by my queriſt, is ſo ſtrong, that I cannot forbear cloſing with it. The paſſage he alludes to is part of Eve's ſpeech to Adam, and one of the moſt beautiful paſſages in the whole poem.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where,
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite,
A ſhape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me; I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy and love. There I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf,
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces; he
Whoſe image thou art, him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtraight, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantane; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth wat'ry image; back I turn'd;

Thou following, cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half!——With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded: and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother——

X

No 326. FRIDAY, March 14.

By Steele. From the Letter-box.

Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non—— Hor. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 1.

A tower of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead;
But Venus laugh'd, &c. Cowley.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it (No. 311), have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case; by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

'I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a-year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter, upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war; and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontiers of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well se-

'secured my park, having, for this purpose, provided my-
'self of four keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a
'quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country.
'And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pen-
'sioner-matrons and an old maiden relation, whom I keep
'on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged,
'and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden,
'of which I have given frequent notice in the neigh-
'bourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I
'shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by
'*reconnoitering* (as I think you call it) under my windows,
'as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am
'aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback,
'having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and
'have, therefore, taken care to remove my daughter from
'the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the
'garden. But, to cut short my story, what can a man do
'after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last
'election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being
'off my post. What I would, therefore, desire of you is,
'to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which
'I have wrote to some of my friends; and that is, that
'care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well
'as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public
'spirit would move for leave to bring in a bill *For the better*
'*preserving of the female game.* I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a young man walks by our door every day
'about the dusk of the evening. He looks up
'at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards
'it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks
'frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air
'is very cold, and pray let him know, that if he knocks
'at the door he will be carried to the parlour fire; and I
'will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity
'to break his mind. I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

'MARY COMFIT.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to re-
'cover himself, and ask him how he does.'

'Dear Sir,

'I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the
'first opportunity give us the natural causes of long-
'ing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will
'one time or other be delivered of something as mon-
'strous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world;
'for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what
'is desired by the mother. I have been married upwards
'of six years, have had four children, and my wife is
'now big with the fifth. The expences she has put me
'to in procuring what she has longed for during her preg-
'nancy with them, would not only have handsomely de-
'frayed the charges of the month, but of their education
'too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or
'two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eat-
'ables and drinkables, but running out after equipage
'and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble
'you only with a few of them; when she was with child
'of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just
'fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation,
'whose husband had made her a present of a chariot and
'a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she
'could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the
'air in the fellow to it of her own within that time: this,
'rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then
'the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed,
'or she should mark the child with some of the frightful
'figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the uphol-
'sterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When
'she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon
'a new set of plate, and as much china as would have
'furnished an India shop: these also I cheerfully granted,
'for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto
'I found her demands rose upon every concession; and
'had she gone on, I had been ruined: but, by good
'fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height
'of her imagination came down to the corner of a
'venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her
'knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The
'gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those
'of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge or a quail, a
'wheat ear, or the pestile of a lark, were chearfully

'purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to 'feed her with green pease in April, or cherries in May. 'But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl 'again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending it will 'make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her 'but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a 'shade of my brown: in this, however, I have ventured 'to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were 'coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at 'breakfast upon a piece of horse flesh, that she had an in-'vincible desire to partake with them; and (to my infinite 'surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as if 'it were for himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as 'she came home, she fell to it with such an appetite, that 'she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next 'sally will be, I cannot guess; but, in the mean time, my 'request to you is, that if there be any way to come at 'these wild unaccountable rovings of imagination by reason 'and argument, you would speedily afford us your assist-'ance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money; and I 'think in every settlement there ought to be a clause insert-'ed, that the father should be answerable for the longings 'of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your 'thoughts in this matter; and am, Sir,

'Your most obliged, and
'most faithful humble servant,
'T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next child will 'love horses as much as Molly does china-ware.' T

No 327. SATURDAY, March 15.

By ADDISON.

—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.* VIRG. Æn. 7. v. 44.

A larger scene of action is display'd. DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and

ambition. The author, who ſhews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the ſeveral occurrences that ariſe in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumſtance, the firſt part of the fifth book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve ſtill aſleep, with an unuſual diſcompoſure in her looks. The poſture in which he regards her is deſcribed with a tenderneſs not to be expreſſed, as the whiſper with which he awakens her is the ſofteſt that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

'His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:
O ſole, in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection! glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd——

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble ſpirit of Eaſtern poetry; and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no queſtion but the poet in the preceding ſpeech remembered thoſe two paſſages which are ſpoken on the like occaſion, and filled with the ſame pleaſing images of nature.

'My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my

'love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the winter is 'past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the 'earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the 'voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree 'putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the ten-'der grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair 'one, and come away.

'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us 'get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, 'whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates 'bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

——Where the Sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,

shews that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those *high conceits engendering pride*, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam, in the following beautiful lines;

Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent; save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty, still to gaze.

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk thro' the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though

the viſion itſelf is founded upon truth, the circumſtances of it are full of that wildneſs and inconſiſtency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his ſuperior character for wiſdom, inſtructs and comforts Eve upon this occaſion.

So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd;
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning-hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe pſalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe, the Pſalmiſt calls not only upon the angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worſhip, it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, and had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of Providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topics of praiſe which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the beautiful ſpirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned thoſe ſpeeches which are aſſigned to the perſons in this poem, I proceed to the deſcription which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imagined. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumſtances that are marvellous and aſtoniſhing, he deſcribes the gate of heaven as framed after ſuch a manner, that it opened of itſelf upon the approach of the angel who was to paſs through it.

——'Till at the gate,
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad, as that in particular, where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says, that he had made twenty *tripods* running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *tripods*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a passage in the scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still in conformity with the cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts; because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with *living* wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision.

——Forth rush'd with whirldwind sound
The chariot of paternal deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit.

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer by something parellel in holy writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's *tripods* with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

——Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide (*a*).

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, &c.——

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn hail which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table, are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction: accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book,

as he supposes the action of the Æneid to begin in the second book of that poem. I could alledge many reasons for my drawing the action of the Æneid rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an *episode*, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, or proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan took his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted)——

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character

which is given us of him denotes that generous ſcorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtleſs deſigned it as a pattern to thoſe who live among mankind in their preſent ſtate of degeneracy and corruption.

So ſpake the ſeraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind,
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And, with retorted ſcorn, his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs, to ſwift deſtruction doom'd. L

No 328. MONDAY, March 17.

By ADDISON (*a*).

Nullum me à labore reclinat otium. HOR. Epod. 17. v. 24.

No eaſe doth lay me down from pain. CREECH.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' AS I believe this is the firſt complaint that ever was ' made to you of this nature, ſo you are the firſt ' perſon I ever could prevail upon myſelf to lay it before. ' When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous conſtitution, ' a plentiful eſtate, no inordinate deſires, and am married ' to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit ' nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous off- ' ſpring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally con- ' clude me a happy man. But notwithſtanding theſe pro- ' miſing appearances, I am ſo far from it, that the proſpect ' of being ruined and undone, by a ſort of extravagance ' which of late years is in a greater or leſſer degree crept into ' every faſhionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of ' my life, and renders me the moſt anxious miſerable man on ' earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in

'learning all thoſe accompliſhments we generally under-
'ſtand by good-breeding and a polite education. She ſings,
'dances, plays on the lute and harpſicord, paints pret-
'tily, is a perfect miſtreſs of the French tongue, and has
'made a conſiderable progreſs in Italian. She is beſides
'excellently ſkilled in all domeſtic ſciences, as preſerv-
'ing, pickling, paſtry, making wines of fruits of our own
'growth, embroidering, and needle-works of every kind.
'Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little
'cauſe of complaint; but ſuſpend your opinion till I have
'further explained myſelf, and then I make no queſtion
'you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I
'find fault that ſhe either poſſeſſes or takes delight in the
'exerciſe of thoſe qualifications I juſt now mentioned; 'tis
'the immoderate fondneſs ſhe has to them that I lament,
'and that what is only deſigned for the innocent amuſe-
'ment and recreation of life, is become the whole buſi-
'neſs and ſtudy of hers. The ſix months we are in town
'(for the year is equally divided between that and the
'country) from almoſt break of day till noon, the whole
'morning is laid out in practiſing with her ſeveral maſ-
'ters; and to make up the loſſes occaſioned by her ab-
'ſenſe in ſummer, every day in the week their attendance
'is required; and as they all are people eminent in their
'profeſſions, their ſkill and time muſt be recompenced ac-
'cordingly: ſo how far theſe articles extend, I leave you
'to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expenſive
'diverſion; but as ſhe manages the matter, it is a very con-
'ſiderable addition to her diſburſements; which you will
'eaſily believe, when you know ſhe paints fans for all her
'female acquaintance, and draws all her relations pictures
'in minature; the firſt muſt be mounted by nobody but
'Colmar, and the other ſet by nobody but Charles Ma-
'ther (*b*). What follows is ſtill much worſe than the former;
'for, as I told you, ſhe is a great artiſt at her needle, 'tis
'incredible what ſums ſhe expends in embroidery: for be-
'ſides what is appropriated to her perſonal uſe, as man-
'tuas, petticoats, ſtomachers, handkerchiefs, purſes, pin-
'cuſhions, and working-aprons, ſhe keeps four French
'Proteſtants continually employed in making divers pieces
'of ſuperfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for
'cloſets, beds, window-curtains, eaſy chairs and tabourets:

'nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this 'extravagance, while ſhe obſtinately perſiſts in thinking 'it a notable piece of good-houſewifery, becauſe they are 'made at home, and ſhe has had ſome ſhare in the per-'formance. There would be no end of relating to you the 'particulars of the annual charge, in furniſhing her ſtore-'room with a profuſion of pickles and preſerves; for ſhe 'is not contented with having every thing, unleſs it be 'done every way, in which ſhe conſults an hereditary 'book of receipts; for her female anceſtors have been al-'ways famed for good-houſewifery, one of whom is made im-'mortal by giving her name to an eye-water and two ſorts 'of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medi-'cinal preparations, as ſalves, cerecloths, powders, confects, 'cordials, ratafia, perſico, orange-flower, and cherry-'brandy, together with innumerable ſorts of ſimple wa-'ters. But there is nothing I lay ſo much to heart, as 'that deteſtable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which 'derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of 'whoſe juices they are chiefly compounded: they are 'loathſome to the taſte, and pernicious to the health; 'and as they ſeldom ſurvive the year, and then are thrown 'away, under a falſe pretence of frugality, I may affirm 'they ſtand me in more than if I entertained all our viſitors 'with the beſt burgundy and champaign. Coffee, choco-'late, green, imperial, peco, and bohea-tea ſeem to be 'trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table 'are added, they ſwell the account higher than one would 'imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her juſtice in 'one article; where her frugality is ſo remarkable, I muſt 'not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to 'her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, 'to one large room in the remoteſt part of the houſe, with 'bolts on the doors, and bars to the windows; under the 'care and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry 'nurſe to her grandmother. This is their reſidence all the 'year round; and as they are never allowed to appear, 'ſhe prudently thinks it needleſs to be at any expence in 'apparel or learning. Her eldeſt daughter to this day 'would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for 'the butler, who, being the ſon of a country attorney, 'has taught her ſuch a hand as is generally uſed for engroſſing

'bills in Chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired 'your patience with my domestic grievances; which I hope 'you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower 'compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook 'to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which 'manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And 'now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my mis-'fortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the 'example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives 'may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily 'misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, In 'mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her 'affections upon such things as are only the trappings and 'decorations of her sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing 'what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, 'The abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, 'which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have 'been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but by a vi-'cious extreme are like to be the bane and destruction of 'it.'

No 329. TUESDAY, March 18.

By ADDISON.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus.
HOR. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

MY friend Sir *Roger de Coverley* told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the *tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's chronicle, which he has quoted

ſeveral times in his diſputes with Sir *Andrew Freeport* ſince his laſt coming to town. Accordingly I promiſed to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always ſhaves him. He was no ſooner dreſſed, than he called for a glaſs of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the ſame time, with ſo much heartineſs, that I could not forbear drinking it. As ſoon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight obſerving that I had made ſeveral wry faces, told me that he knew I ſhould not like it at firſt, but that it was the beſt thing in the world againſt the ſtone or gravel.

I could have wiſhed indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it ſooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir *Roger* told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilſt he ſtaid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the firſt news of the ſickneſs being at Dantzick: when of a ſudden turning ſhort to one of his ſervants, who ſtood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then reſumed his diſcourſe upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country: that ſhe diſtilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that ſhe diſtributed her water *gratis* among all ſorts of people: to which the Knight added, that ſhe had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, ſays Sir *Roger*, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His diſcourſe was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having caſt his eye upon the wheels, he aſked the coachman if his axle-tree was good: upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honeſt man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir *Roger*, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight, pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, A brave man I warrant him? Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, Sir Cloudsly Shovel, a very gallant man! As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. Busby, a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right-hand. Sir *Roger* planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle: Upon our interpreter's telling us, that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his chronicle.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillow, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir *Roger* a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but

our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if *Will Wimble* were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir *Roger*, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir *Roger* acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head: and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir *Roger*; you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.

The glorious names of Henry the fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L

No 330. WEDNESDAY, March 19.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia——

JUV. Sat. 14. v. 47.

To youth the tenderest regard is due.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

'SIR,

'I HAVE long expected, that, in the course of your 'observations upon the several parts of human life, you 'would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since 'you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. 'What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men 'to such as are able to countenance, and introduce them 'into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth 'of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his cir-'cumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when 'his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better 'understood, than by sending you an history of myself, 'which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being 'the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the 'highest obligations imaginable.

'I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, 'who, by many losses, was reduced, from a very luxuriant 'trade and credit, to very narrow circumstances, in com-'parison to that of his former abundance. This took 'away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of atten-'tion to a fortune which he now thought desperate; inso-'much that he died without a will, having before buried 'my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I 'was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an 'estate of 200*l.* a-year came into my possession, without 'friend or guardian to instruct me in the management

'or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this 'was, (though I wanted no director, and soon had fel-'lows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, 'and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was 'capable) that my companions and I could not well be 'supplied without running in debt; which I did very 'frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed with a guard, 'strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's 'house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very 'merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I 'had extricated myself from this shameful confinement, I 'reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted 'all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an Inn 'of Court, with a resolution to study the law with all 'possible application. But I trifled away a whole year 'in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to 'apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there 'among men, as little children are sent to school before 'they are capable of improvement, only to be out of 'harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not 'knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for 'by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good in-'clination in me, used me with great familiarity, and car-'ried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, 'he introduced me to all the good company in the coun-'ty; and the great obligation I have to him for this 'kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has 'made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an 'authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of 'a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable 'of horses always at my command; and though I am 'not quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on 'his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on 'mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me ac-'ceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. *Spectator*, by this 'gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if 'I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak 'this, as well by subscribing the initial letters of my 'name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation 'of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew what 'great charities are to be done without expence, and 'how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency

'in persons capable of performing them, if they were 'put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county 'would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense 'and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence 'the education and growing prospects of the younger 'gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him 'a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render 'him the leader of his country from their gratitude to 'him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in 'order to be made their representative. The same thing 'might be recommended to all who have made any pro-'gress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree 'in a profession: others may gain preferments and for-'tunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received 'from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, 'my request to print this, in return for all the evil an help-'less orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall 'receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this 'gentleman's favour to, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'S. P.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty plea-'sure in learning. I have been at the Latin school 'four years. I don't know I ever played the truant, or 'neglected any task my master set me, in my life. I think 'on what I read at school as I go home at noon and 'night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a 'mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our 'maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep: 'And I dream two or three nights in the week I am read-'ing Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased 'with my performances as any boy's in the same class. 'I think, if I know my own mind, I would chuse ra-'ther to be a scholar than a prince without learning. 'I have a very good, affectionate father; but though very 'rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the 'charges of my education. He often tells me, he believes 'my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows 'what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I

'am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for 'a book, now and then, that he does not know of. He has 'ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but 'says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace 'the other day, and he told me in a passion, he did not be-'lieve I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind 'to make him think I had got a great way in my learn-'ing. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in get-'ting the books my master gives orders for. All the 'boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My fa-'ther is often reckoning up how long I have been at 'school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My fa-'ther's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me 'grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what 'is the matter with me: I am afraid to tell him; for 'he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and 'would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing my 'father's temper may make him worse. Sir, if you have 'any love for learning, I beg you would give me some 'instructions in this case, and persuade parents to en-'courage their children when they find them diligent and 'desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, 'they would do any thing for their children, if they 'would but mind their learning: I would be glad to be 'in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldness. If you 'will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your 'prosperity as long as I live.

London, March 2. 'Your humble servant,
1711. '

'JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

No 331. THURSDAY, March 20.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

——*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*
PERS. Sat. 2. l. 28.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir *Roger* in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-fac'd young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir *Roger*, was, for many ages, looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us, that this

Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved; regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly, several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quivedo in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find, that the beard flourished in the Saxon Heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns, under different shapes. The last effort it made, seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Poole, and Bishop Gardiner; though at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two prosecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the first.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which

Butler has tranſmitted to poſterity in the following lines:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tyle,
A ſudden view it would beguile,
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with grey.

The whiſker continued for ſome time among us after the extirpation of beards; but this is a ſubject which I ſhall not here enter upon, having diſcuſſed it at large in a diſtinct treatiſe, which I keep by me in manuſcript, upon the *muſtachoe*.

If my friend Sir *Roger's* project of introducing beards ſhould take effect, I fear the luxury of the preſent age would make it a very expenſive faſhion. There is no queſtion but the beaux would ſoon provide themſelves with falſe ones of the lighteſt colours, and the moſt immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapeſtry-ſize, which Sir *Roger* ſeems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æſculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the faſhion.

Beſides we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horſeback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I ſee no reaſon why we may not ſuppoſe that they would have their *riding-beards* on the ſame occaſion.

I may give the moral of this diſcourſe in another paper. X.

No 332. FRIDAY, March 21.

By STEELE and others.

——*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum——

HOR. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age. CREECH.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'IN your ſpeculation of Wedneſday laſt, you have given
'us ſome account of that worthy ſociety of brutes

'the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified 'the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dan-'cing-masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledge 'you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you 'might very easily omit one of the most notable species of 'it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of danc-'ing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a 'dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon 'as they have inclosed the person upon whom they de-'sign the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, 'and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe 'a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. 'As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and 'the patient without doubt already beginning to wax 'warm, to forward the operation, that member of the 'circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back 'first, runs his sword directly into that part of the pati-'ent wherein school-boys are punished; and as it is very 'natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about 'to some other point, every gentleman does himself the 'same justice as often as he receives the affront. After 'this jig is gone two or three times round, and the pa-'tient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very 'handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry 'with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharg-'ed. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who 'has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he 'had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, 'not without the applause and acclamations both of his 'imperial majesty, and the whole ring; though I dare 'say, neither I nor any of his acquaintance ever dreamt 'he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. *Spec*, I was very near being qua-'lified to have given you a faithful and painful account 'of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself: for 'going the other night along Fleet-Street, and having, 'out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wan-'dering female who was travelling the same way, a cou-'ple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, 'and cried out to each other, A sweat! a sweat! Where-'upon suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of 'the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a

'parley; but finding none would be granted me, and 'perceiving others behind them filing off with great di-'ligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear 'of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself 'to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe 'would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very 'snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; 'which post I maintained for above half an hour with 'great firmness and resolution, though not letting this 'success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful 'of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed 'upon my advancing again towards the street; by which 'prudence and good management I made a handsome and 'orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this 'action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation 'of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now in-'formed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by 'what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view 'as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to 'have at present but a rude kind of discipline among them. 'It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, 'they might be brought into better order. But I'll 'leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, 'that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of 'caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins 'whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the 'same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you 'will perhaps oblige others, as well as

'Your very humble servant,

'JACK LIGHTFOOT.'

'*P. S.* My friend will have me acquaint you, that 'though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that 'extraordinary strokes-man Mr. Sprightly (No 319), yet 'it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows, who are 'employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio, have 'struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

'I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I had 'not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about 'the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several 'dictionaries, but found no relief; at last having recourse

'both to the bagnio in Newgate-ſtreet, and to that in 'Chancery-lane, and finding the original manuſcripts upon 'the ſign-poſts of each to agree literally with my own 'ſpelling, I returned home, full of ſatisfaction, in order 'to diſpatch this epiſtle.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you have taken moſt of the circumſtances of hu-'man life into your conſideration, we the under-writ-'ten thought it not improper for us alſo to repreſent to you 'our condition. We are three ladies who live in the 'country, and the greateſt improvements we make is by 'reading. We have taken a ſmall journal of our lives, 'and find it extremely oppoſite to your laſt Tueſday's 'ſpeculation. We riſe by ſeven, and paſs the beginning 'of each day in devotion, and looking into thoſe affairs 'that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the 'afternoon we ſometimes enjoy the company of ſome 'friend or neighbour, or elſe work or read; at night we 'retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for 'the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular 'care never to be ſick of a Sunday. Mr. *Spectator*, we 'are all very good maids, but are ambitious of characters 'which we think more laudable, that of being very good 'wives. If any of your correſpondents inquire for a 'ſpouſe for an honeſt country gentleman, whoſe eſtate is 'not dipped, and wants a wife that can ſave half his 'revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his 'neighbours of the ſame eſtate, with finer bred women, 'you ſhall have further notice from, Sir,

'Your courteous readers,
'MARTHA BUSY.
'DEBORAH THRIFTY.
'ALICE EARLY.'

T

No 333. SATURDAY, March 22.

By ADDISON.

——*Vocat in certamina divos.* VIRG. Æn. l. 6. v. 172.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

WE are now entering upon the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in which the poet deſcribes the battle of angels; having raiſed his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by ſeveral paſſages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting theſe paſſages in my obſervations on the former books, having purpoſely reſerved them for the opening of this, the ſubject of which gave occaſion to them. The author's imagination was ſo inflamed with this great ſcene of action, that, wherever he ſpeaks of it, he riſes, if poſſible, above himſelf. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem:

——Him the Almighty pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewiſe ſeveral noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O prince! O chief of many thorned powers,
That led th' embattled ſeraphim to war!
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n; and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low.
But ſee! the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the ſulph'rous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second.

What! when we fled amain, pursu'd, and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us: this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds——

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that passage, where the power who is described as presiding over the chaos speaks in the third book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech, and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing——

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and pro-

montories; till in the laſt place, the Meſſiah comes forth in the fulneſs of majeſty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidſt the roarings of his thunders, the flaſhes of his lightnings, and the noiſe of his chariot-wheels, is deſcribed with the utmoſt flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination, which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author to aſcribe the firſt uſe of artillery to the rebel-angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch authors, ſo it entered very properly into the thoughts of that being who is all along deſcribed as aſpiring to the majeſty of his Maker. Such engines were the only inſtruments he could have made uſe of to imitate thoſe thunders, that in all poetry, both ſacred and profane, are repreſented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether ſo daring a thought as the former. We are, in ſome meaſure, prepared for ſuch an incident by the deſcription of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What ſtill made this circumſtance the more proper for the poet's uſe, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes ſo great a noiſe in antiquity, and gave birth to the ſublimeſt deſcription in Heſiod's works, was an allegory founded on this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to conſider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the deſcriptions of the Latin and Greek poets, and at the ſame time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this ſubject. Homer, in that paſſage which Longinus has celebrated for its ſublimeneſs, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Oſſa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Oſſa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (εἰνοσίφυλλον) which very much ſwells the

idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is farther a great beauty in his ſingling out by name theſe three remarkable mountains, ſo well known to the Greeks. This laſt is ſuch a beauty as the ſcene of Milton's war could not poſſibly furniſh him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants' war, has given full ſcope to that wildneſs of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole iſlands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He deſcribes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the ſkies, with all Vulcan's ſhop in the midſt of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipus, which ran down the ſides of it: but the poet, not content to deſcribe him with this mountain upon his ſhoulders, tells us, that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that poſture. It is viſible to every judicious reader, that ſuch ideas favour more of burleſque than of the ſublime: they proceed from a wantonneſs of imagination, and rather divert the mind than aſtoniſh it. Milton has taken every thing that is ſublime in theſe ſeveral paſſages, and compoſes out of them the following great image:

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands——

We have the full majeſty of Homer in this ſhort deſcription, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the deſcription of the fallen angels, ſeeing the promontories hanging over their heads in ſuch a dreadful manner, with the other numberleſs beauties in this book, which are ſo conſpicuous that they cannot eſcape the notice of the moſt ordinary reader.

There are indeed ſo many wonderful ſtrokes of poetry in this book, and ſuch a variety of ſublime ideas, that it would have been impoſſible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Beſides that, I find it in a great meaſure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roſcommon's eſſay on tranſlated poetry. I ſhall refer my reader thither for ſome of the maſter-ſtrokes in the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, though at the ſame time there

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are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithſtanding the ſublime genius he was maſter of, has in this book drawn to his aſſiſtance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The ſword of Michael, which makes ſo great a havoc among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

——But the ſword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer——

This paſſage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the ſword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the ſword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, ſo by the way we may obſerve, that the beſtowing on a man who is favoured by heaven ſuch an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eaſtern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made uſe of it, but we find the Jewiſh hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the choſen people with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, receiving in his dream a ſword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following paſſage, wherein Satan is deſcribed as wounded by the ſword of Michael, is an imitation of Homer.

The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, (ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed)
And all his armour ſtain'd——

Homer tells us in the ſame manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an *ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquiſitely great, the wound ſoon cloſed up and healed in thoſe beings who are veſted with immortality.

I queſtion not but Milton, in his deſcription of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with

the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad; who upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

——Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon,
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing——

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in him of Homer's spirit, in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to exptirpate the host of rebel angels, are drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms;
Gird on thy sword on thy puissant thigh.

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered upon this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes and gods mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight; Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Nep-

tune raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, ſhake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards deſcribes Vulcan as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered ſeven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumſtances of horror. The ſhouts of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of ſo great an action. With what art has the poet repreſented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

——All heav'n
Reſounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to its centre ſhook.——

In how ſublime and juſt a manner does he afterwards deſcribe the whole heaven ſhaken under the wheels of the Meſſiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

——Under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook throughout
All but the throne itſelf of God——

Notwithſtanding the Meſſiah appears clothed with ſo much terror and majeſty, the poet has ſtill found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himſelf was able to deſcribe.

Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heaven.

In a word, Milton's genius, which was ſo great in itſelf, and ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his ſubject, which was the moſt ſublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was neceſſary to give it certain reſting places, and opportunities of recovering itſelf from time to time: he has

therefore with great addreſs interſperſed ſeveral ſpeeches, reflections, ſimilitudes, and the like reliefs, to diverſify his narration, and eaſe the attention of the reader, that he might come freſh to his great action, and by ſuch a contraſt of ideas have a more lively taſte of the nobler parts of his deſcription. L.

No 334. MONDAY, March 24.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——*Voluiſti, in ſuo, genere, unumquemque noſtrum quaſi quendam eſſe Roſcium, dixiſtique non tam ea quæ recta eſſent probari, quàm quæ prava ſunt faſtidiis adhæreſcere.*

CICERO de geſtu.

You would have each of us be a kind of Roſcius in his way; and you have ſaid that men are not ſo much pleaſed with what is right as diſguſted at what is wrong.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impreſſion of a thing, which at firſt fell into a contempt with us for want of conſideration. The real uſe of a certain qualification (which the wiſer part of mankind look upon as at beſt an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumſtance) ſhews the ill conſequence of ſuch prepoſſeſſions. What I mean, is the art, ſkill, accompliſhment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He obſerved that there was not occaſion for the common uſe of great talents; that they are but ſeldom in demand; and that theſe very great talents were often rendered uſeleſs to a man for want of ſmall attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, geſture and aſpect) is natural to ſome men: but even theſe would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened by the force of reaſon. To one who has not at all conſidered it, to mention the force of reaſon on ſuch a ſubject, will appear fantaſtical; but when you have a little attended to it, an aſſembly of men will

have quite another view; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man, with thoſe beautiful features, and well-faſhioned perſon, is not ſo agreeable as he who ſits by him without any of thoſe advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that preſents the ſhape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without ſtaying like children, to recollect and join thoſe letters. A man who has not had the regard of his geſture in any part of his education, will find himſelf unable to act with freedom before new company; as a child that is but now learning, would be to read without heſitation. It is for the advancement of the pleaſure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wiſh dancing were generally underſtood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the moſt remote from it. A man of learning and ſenſe is diſtinguiſhed from others as he is ſuch, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the reſt of the world: in like manner, the reaching out of the arm, and the moſt ordinary motion, diſcovers whether a man ever learned to know what is the true harmony and compoſure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has ſeen Booth in the character of Pyrrhus, march to his throne to receive Oreſtes, is convinced that majeſtic and great conceptions are expreſſed in the very ſtep; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himſelf would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is ſo dangerous a ſubject to treat with gravity, that I ſhall not at preſent enter into it any further: but the author of the following letter has treated it in the eſſay he ſpeaks of, in ſuch a manner, that I am beholden to him for a reſolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to ſay in its defence. (See No 466.)

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are ſcarce any of the arts or ſciences 'that have not been recommended to the world by 'the pens of ſome of the profeſſors, maſters, or lovers of 'them, whereby the uſefulneſs, excellence, and benefit 'ariſing from them, both as to the ſpeculative and practi-

'cal part, have been made public, to the great advantage 'and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should 'dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraor-'dinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, 'and left destitute of any pen to recommend its various 'excellencies and substantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is alto-'gether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only 'as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and 'is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and 'mechanic: and as Terence, in one of his prologues, com-'plains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from 'his play, so may we well say, that capering and tumbling 'is now preferred to, and supplies the place of just and 'regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my 'opinion, high time that some one should come to its assis-'tance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing 'errors that have crept into it, and overcast its real beau-'ties; and to set dancing in its true light, would shew the 'usefulness and elegancy of it, with the pleasure and in-'struction produced from it; and also lay down some fun-'damental rules, that might so tend to the improvement 'of its professors, and information of the spectators, that 'the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the 'latter rendered more capable of judging, what is (if there 'be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable 'of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to 'relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies 'under, I, who teach to dance, have attempted a small 'treatise as an essay towards an history of dancing (*a*); in 'which I have enquired into its antiquity, original, and 'use, and shewn what esteem the ancients had for it: I 'have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all 'its several parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, 'both as a qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured 'to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised 'against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the 'particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether 'religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular no-'tice of that part of dancing relating to the ancient stage, 'and in which the Pantomimes had so great a share: nor

'have I been wanting in giving an historical account of 'some particular masters excellent in that surprising art. 'After which I have advanced some observations on the 'modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of 'it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentle-'men and ladies; and have concluded with some short 'remarks on the origin and progress of the character by 'which dances are writ down, and communicated from 'one master to another. If some great genius after this 'would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it 'seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected 'from it? For if we consider the origin of arts and scien-'ces, we shall find that some of them took rise from be-'ginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very won-'derful to think that ever such surprising structures should 'have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But 'what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have 'thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammer 'should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius 'in his second book relates, that Pythagoras, in passing 'by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding 'from the hammers were either more grave or acute, ac-'cording to the different weights of the hammers. The 'philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different 'weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in 'like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. 'This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which 'produced sounds that were consonant: as, that two 'strings of the same substance and tension, the one being 'double the length of the other, gave that interval which 'is called *diapason*, or an eighth; the same was also ef-'fected from two strings of the same length and size, the 'one having four times the tension of the other. By these 'steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man 'reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most 'delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; 'and by that means caused it to be one of the most ab-'stract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows there-'fore but motion, whether decorous or representative, 'may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken 'into consideration by some person capable of reducing 'it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as

'that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it 'to a place among the magnified arts?

'Now, Mr. *Spectator*, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensibly obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom as visitor you ought to be guardian. I am, Sir,

Salop, *March* 10. 'Your most humble servant.'
1711-12.

T See Nos 370, 466.

No 335. TUESDAY, March 25.

By ADDISON.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 317.

Those are the likest copies which are drawn
From the original of human life. ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir *Roger de Coverley*, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir *Roger*, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before hand that it was a good church of England comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in

coming home late, in caſe the Mohocks ſhould be abroad. I aſſure you, ſays he, I thought I had fallen into their hands laſt night; for I obſerved two or three luſty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You muſt know, continued the Knight, with a ſmile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honeſt gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was ſerved ſuch a trick in King Charles the ſecond's time, for which reaſon he has not ventured himſelf in town ever ſince. I might have ſhewn them very good ſport, had this been their deſign; for as I am an old fox hunter, I ſhould have turn'd and dogg'd, and have play'd them a thouſand tricks they had never ſeen in their lives before. Sir *Roger* added, that if theſe gentlemen had any ſuch intention, they did not ſucceed very well in it; for I threw them out, ſays he, at the end of Norfolk-Street, where I doubled the corner, and got ſhelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, ſays the Knight, if Captain *Sentry* will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the houſe before it is full, I will have my own coach in readineſs to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir *Roger* fear nothing, for that he had put on the ſame ſword which he made uſe of at the battle of Steenkirk (*a*). Sir *Roger's* ſervants, and among the reſt my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themſelves with good oaken plants, to attend their maſter upon this occaſion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myſelf at his left-hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in ſafety to the play-houſe, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and ſeated him betwixt us in the pit. As ſoon as the houſe was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend ſtood up and looked about him with that pleaſure, which a mind ſeaſoned with humanity naturally feels in itſelf, at the ſight of a multitude of people who ſeem pleaſed with one another, and partake of the ſame common

entertainment. I could not but fancy to myſelf, as the old man ſtood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himſelf had a better ſtrut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, becauſe I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticiſm; and was well pleaſed to hear him at the concluſion of almoſt every ſcene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir *Roger* ſaw Andromache's obſtinate refuſal to her lover's importunities, he whiſpered me in the ear, that he was ſure ſhe would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight ſhook his head, and muttered to himſelf, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt ſo much upon my friend's imagination, that at the cloſe of the third act, as I was thinking of ſomething elſe, he whiſpered in my ear, Theſe widows, Sir, are the moſt perverſe creatures in the world. But pray, ſays he, you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be underſtood? Why, there is not a ſingle ſentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an anſwer: Well, ſays the Knight, ſitting down with great ſatisfaction, I ſuppoſe we are now to ſee Hector's ghoſt. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praiſing the widow. He made, indeed, a little miſtake as to one of her pages, whom at his firſt entering he took for Aſtyanax; but he quickly ſet himſelf right in that particular, though, at the ſame time, he owned he ſhould have been very glad to have ſeen the little boy, Who, ſays he, muſt needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the au-

dience gave a loud clap; to which Sir *Roger* added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable ſilence and ſtillneſs in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to expreſs their opinion of the players, and of their reſpective parts. Sir *Roger* hearing a cluſter of them praiſe Oreſtes, ſtruck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very ſenſible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir *Roger* put in a ſecond time, and let me tell you, ſays he, though he ſpeaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiſkers as well as any of them. Captain *Sentry* ſeeing two or three wags who ſat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir *Roger*, and fearing leſt they ſhould ſmoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear, that laſted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Oreſtes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the concluſion of it told me, it was ſuch a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the ſtage. Seeing afterwards Oreſtes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary ſerious, and took occaſion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conſcience, adding, that Oreſtes, *in his madneſs, looked as if he ſaw ſomething.*

As we were the firſt that came into the houſe, ſo we were the laſt that went out of it; being reſolved to have a clear paſſage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the juſtling of the crowd. Sir *Roger* went out fully ſatisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the ſame manner that we brought him to the play-houſe; being highly pleaſed, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been preſented, but with the ſatiſfaction which it had given to the good old man. L

No 336. WEDNESDAY, March 26.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——Clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ed cùm reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

HOR. l. 2. Ep. v. 80.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age.
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support; I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean old mens overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life and vigour of age to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as a reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young man, I confess; yet I honour the grey head as much as any one: however, when in company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposte-

'roufly (into which abfurdities, prejudice, pride, or inte-
'reft will fometimes threw the wifeft) I count it no crime
'to rectify their reafonings, unlefs confcience muft truckle
'to ceremony, and truth fall a facrifice to complaifance.
'The ftrongeft arguments are enervated, and the brighteft
'evidence difappears, before thofe tremendous reafonings
'and dazzling difcoveries of venerable old age. you are
'young giddy-headed fellows, you have not yet had ex-
'perience of the world. Thus we young folks find our
'ambition cramped, and our lazinefs indulged, fince,
'while young, we have little room to difplay ourfelves;
'and, when old, the weaknefs of nature muft pafs for
'ftrength of fenfe, and we hope that hoary heads will
'raife us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, Sir,
'as you would enliven our activity in the purfuit of learn-
'ing, take our cafe into confideration; and, with a glofs
'on brave Elihu's fentiments, affert the rights of youth,
'and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The
'generous reafonings of that gallant youth would adorn
'your paper; and I beg you would infert them, not
'doubting but that they will give good entertainment to
'the moft intelligent of your readers.

"So thefe three men ceafed to anfwer Job, becaufe he
"was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the
"wrath of Elihu the fon of Barachel the Buzite, of the
"kindred of Ram: againft Job was his wrath kindled,
"becaufe he juftified himfelf rather than God. Alfo
"againft his three friends was his wrath kindled, becaufe
"they had found no anfwer, and yet had condemned Job.
"Now Elihu had waited till Job had fpoken, becaufe they
"were elder than he. When Elihu faw there was no an-
"fwer in the mouth of thefe three men, then his wrath
"was kindled. And Elihu the fon of Barachel the Bu-
"zite anfwered and faid, I am young, and ye are very
"old, wherefore I was afraid, and durft not fhew you
"mine opinion. I faid, days fhould fpeak, and multitude
"of years fhould teach wifdom. But there is a fpirit in
"man; and the infpiration of the Almighty giveth them
"underftanding. Great men are not always wife: neither
"do the aged underftand judgment. Therefore, I faid,
"hearken to me, I alfo will fhew mine opinion. Behold
"I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reafons,

" whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended " unto you: and behold there was none of you that con- " vinced Job, or that answered his words; lest ye should " say, we have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him " down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words " against me: neither will I answer him with your speeches. " They were amazed, they answered no more: they left " off speaking. When I had waited, (for they spake " not, but stood still, and answered no more) I said, I " will answer also my part, I also will shew mine opinion. " For I am full of matter, the spirit within me con- " straineth me. Behold my belly is as wine which hath " no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will " speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips, and " answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's " person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. " For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my " Maker would soon take me away."

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read, with great satisfaction, your ' papers about idols, (*a*) and the behaviour of gentle- ' men in those coffee-houses where women officiate; and ' impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops ' into consideration: but since you have passed us over in ' silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth ' your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have ' escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints ' to you, and am encouraged to do it, because you seem a ' little at leisure at this present writing. I am, dear Sir, ' one of the top china-women about town; and, though ' I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine com- ' pany as any of this end of the town, let the other be ' who she will: in short, I am in a fair way to be easy, ' were it not for a club of female rakes, who under pre- ' tence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, and ' diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or ' thrice a day to cheapen tea, or buy a screen; *What* ' *else should they mean?* as they often repeat it. These ' rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who having no- ' thing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ' ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they

'seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-'dishes, another for a bason, a third for my best green-tea, 'and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my 'shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable archi-'tecture disordered; so that I can compare them to no-'thing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to over-'turn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of 'your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and 'clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion: another 'thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured 'of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. 'Lord! what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the 'trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. *Spectator*, are ter-'rible things; for though I am not possessed by them my-'self, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I 'must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make 'fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to 'one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-'keepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of 'the vapours *gratis*. A young son of mine, a school-boy, 'is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances. I 'am, Sir,

'Your constant reader,

March the 22d. 'and very humble servant,

T 'REBECCA the distress'd.'

No 337. THURSDAY, March 27.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques——

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 64.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse,
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.

CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentle-man who has already given the public two essays

upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader. (Nos 307, 313.)

SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary 'business, I should have sent you sooner my further 'thoughts upon education. You may please to remem-'ber, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the 'best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private 'or public education. Upon the whole it may perhaps 'be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, 'though at the same time I confessed, that virtue, which 'ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually 'acquired in the former.

'I intend therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods 'by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in 'virtue as they advance in letters.

'I know that in most of our public schools vice is pu-'nished and discouraged whenever it is found out: but 'this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at 'the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, 'and to know what is properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions 'of such men as have been famous in their generation, 'it should not be thought enough to make them barely 'understand so many Greek or Latin sentences, but 'they should be asked their opinion of such an action or 'saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take 'it to be good or bad. By this means they would insen-'sibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, 'honour and justice.

'There must be great care taken how the example of 'any particular person is recommended to them in gross: 'instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such 'a man, though great in some respects, was weak and 'faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often 'so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that 'he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks 'even upon the faulty parts of it with an eye of admira-'tion.

'I have often wondered how Alexander, who was

'the company, and obliged to work while the reſt are at
'dinner.

'It is not impoſſible, that, from theſe ſeveral ways of
'producing virtue in the minds of boys, ſome general
'method might be invented. What I would endeavour
'to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too ſoon taught
'the principles of virtue, ſeeing the firſt impreſſions which
'are made on the mind are always the ſtrongeſt.

'The Archbiſhop of Cambray makes Telemachus ſay,
'that though he was young in years, he was old in the
'art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friend's
'ſecrets. When my father, ſays the prince, went to the
'ſiege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and after hav-
'ing embraced and bleſſed me, as he was ſurrounded by
'the nobles of Ithaca, O my friends, ſays he, into your
'hands I commit the education of my ſon; if ever you
'lov'd his father, ſhew it in your care towards him: but,
'above all, do not omit to form him juſt, ſincere, and
'faithful in keeping a ſecret. Theſe words of my father,
'ſays Telemachus, were continually repeated to me by
'his friends in his abſence; who made no ſcruple of com-
'municating to me their uneaſineſs to ſee my mother ſur-
'rounded with lovers, and the meaſures they deſigned
'to take on that occaſion. He adds, that he was ſo ra-
'viſhed at being thus treated like a man, and at the con-
'fidence repoſed in him, that he never once abuſed it;
'nor could all the inſinuations of his father's rivals ever get
'him to betray what was committed to him under the ſeal
'of ſecrecy.

'There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus
'learn by practice and example.

'I have heard of a good man, who uſed at certain times
'to give his ſcholars ſixpence a-piece, that they might
'tell him the next day how they had employed it. The
'third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every
'boy was blamed or commended as he could make it ap-
'pear that he had choſen a fit object.

'In ſhort, nothing is more wanting to our public
'ſchools, than that the maſters of them ſhould uſe the
'ſame care in faſhioning the manners of their ſcholars,
'as in forming their tongues to the learned languages.
'Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing

'with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a very strange 'value for words, when preferring the languages of the 'Greeks and Romans to that which made them such 'brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the 'innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and 'Latin.

'As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, 'and what I do not remember to have yet seen treat-'ed by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me 'on it from my own observation or reading, and which 'you may either suppress or publish as you think fit.

X I am, Sir,

'Your's, &c'

No 338. FRIDAY, March 28.

By STEELE.

——*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi. HOR. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 18.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I FIND the tragedy of *The distressed Mother* is published to-day. The author of the prologue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of *being dull with design;* and the gentleman who writ the epilogue has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it (*a*).

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAD the happiness the other night of sitting very 'near you and your worthy friend Sir *Roger*, at 'the acting of the new tragedy which you have in a late 'paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly plea-'sed with the advantageous situation fortune had given

'me in placing me ſo near two gentlemen, from one of 'which I was ſure to hear ſuch reflections on the ſeveral 'incidents of the play as pure nature ſuggeſted, and from 'the other, ſuch as flowed from the exacteſt art and judg- 'ment; though I muſt confeſs that my curioſity led me ſo 'much to obſerve the Knight's reflections, that I was not 'ſo well at leiſure to improve myſelf by your's. Nature, 'I found, played her part in the Knight pretty well, till 'at the laſt concluding lines ſhe entirely forſook him. You 'muſt know, Sir, that is always my cuſtom, when I have 'been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my re- 'treat before the facetious epilogue enters: not but that 'thoſe pieces are often very well writ; but having paid 'down my half-crown, and made a fair purchaſe of as much 'of the pleaſing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, 'or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry ſome 'of it home with me; and cannot endure to be at once 'tricked out of all, though by the wittieſt dexterity in 'the world. However, I kept my ſeat the other night, in 'hopes of finding my own ſentiments of this matter fa- 'voured by your friend's; when, to my great ſurpriſe, I 'found the Knight entering with equal pleaſure into both 'parts, and as much ſatisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety 'as he had been before with Andromache's greatneſs. 'Whether this were no other than an effect of the 'Knight's peculiar humanity, pleaſed to find at laſt, that, 'after all the tragical doings, every thing was ſafe and 'well, I don't know: but for my own part, I muſt con- 'feſs, I was ſo diſſatisfied, that I was ſorry the poet had 'ſaved Andromache, and could heartily have wiſhed that 'he had left her ſtone-dead upon the ſtage. For you can- 'not imagine, Mr. *Spectator*, the miſchief ſhe was re- 'ſerved to do me. I found my ſoul, during the action, 'gradually worked up to the higheſt pitch; and felt the 'exalted paſſion which all generous minds conceive at the 'ſight of virtue in diſtreſs. The impreſſion, believe me, 'Sir, was ſo ſtrong upon me, that, I am perſuaded, if I 'had been let alone in it, I could, at an extremity, have 'ventured to defend yourſelf and Sir *Roger* againſt half 'a ſcore of the fierceſt Mohocks: but the ludicrous epi- 'logue in the cloſe extinguiſhed all my ardour, and made 'me look upon all ſuch noble achievements as downright

silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt I cannot so well tell: for myself, I must declare, that, 'at the end of the play, I found my soul uniform, and all 'of a piece; but, at the end of the epilogue, it was so 'jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, 'that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will 'here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had 'at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the 'poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a 'strange figure it would have made among them. They 'would not have known what to have made of my motley 'spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling 'a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one 'side and cries on t'other. The only defence, I think, I 'have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me, the 'most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, 'is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, 'and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own 'homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about 'them: for who knows the consequence of this? We 'are much obliged indeed to the poets for the great ten-'derness they express for the safety of our persons, and 'heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, 'good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to 'come to any great harm; and that, let them do their 'best, we shall in all probability live out the length of 'our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. 'What makes me more desirous to have some reforma-'tion of this matter, is, because of an ill consequence or 'two attending it: for a great many of our church mu-'sicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imi-'tation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell 'voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design 'of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-dis-'posed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be in-'formed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place 'and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep 'to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, 'I have found by experience a great deal of mischief: for 'when the preacher has often, with great piety and art 'enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk 'has, with utmost diligence, culled out two staves proper

'to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the 'rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they 'have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from 'the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects 'the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time pro-'duce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul 'Lorrain has resolved upon a very sudden reformation 'in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly 'performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, 'to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of 'his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to 'put a stop to those growing evils, and you will very 'much oblige

'Your humble servant,

'PHYSIBULUS.'

No 339 SATURDAY, March 29.

By ADDISON.

——————Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Coeperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas.

VIRG. Ecl. 6. v. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell thro' the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose. DRYDEN.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find

that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and enobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for

his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, &c.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! 'And 'behold there came four chariots out from between two 'mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.'

About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
From th' armory of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,
Against the solemn day, harness'd at hand:
Celestial equipage! And now came forth
Spontaneous (for within them spirit liv'd)
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving———

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening

of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *hours* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation.

On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
  Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!
Said then th' Omnific word, your discord end:
Nor staid; but on the wings of cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's Ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear, which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet, that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom Plato

ſomewhere calls the divine geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abſtracted ideas in allegories and ſenſible images, we find a magnificent deſcription of the creation formed after the ſame manner in one of the prophets, wherein he deſcribes the almighty Architect as meaſuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, metting out the heavens with his ſpan, comprehending the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, weighing the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, deſcribing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, repreſents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and ſtretching a line upon it. And in another place, as garniſhing the heavens, ſtretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This laſt noble thought Milton has expreſſed in the following verſe:

And earth ſelf-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of deſcription in this book lie ſo very thick, that it is impoſſible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The ſeveral great ſcenes of the creation riſe up to view, one after another, in ſuch a manner, that the reader ſeems preſent at this wonderful work, and to aſſiſt among the choirs of angels, who are the ſpectators of it. How glorious is the concluſion of the firſt day!

——Thus was the firſt day even and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd.

We have the ſame elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deeps were made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——

We have alſo the riſing of the whole vegetable world

described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays jocund to run
His longitude thro' heav'n's high road: the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other lights she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars! that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere——

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode; and at the same time so particular as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah

aſcended up in triumph through the everlaſting gates when he looked down with pleaſure upon his new creation, when every part of nature ſeemed to rejoice in its exiſtence; when the morning-ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea; up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonius of ten thouſand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air
Reſounding, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world!

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title (*a*). The work was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and is executed with ſo great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our Engliſh verſe. The reader cannot but be pleaſed to find the depths of philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon, amidſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has ſhewn us that deſign in all the works of nature, which neceſſarily leads us to the knowledge of its firſt cauſe. In ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs and inconteſtible inſtances, that divine wiſdom, which the ſon of Sirach has ſo nobly aſcribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that *he created her, and ſaw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.* L

No 340. MONDAY, March 31.

By STEELE.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens? quam forti pectore et armis!
VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 10.

What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war.

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that, whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities, but such as any man may arrive at: he ought to think no man valuable but for his public-spirit, justice, and integrity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share: it annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape of him, in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the causes all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts

of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the Prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe (No 241). It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him: there is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who shewed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do mens fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a spectator as not to have seen Prince Eugene. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have writ to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but, in general, I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise, has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful, in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful.

There is in his look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence: a great soul is affected, in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprizes that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprize; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The Prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties in conjunction banish all vain glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus, were you to see Prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit: should you be told that was Prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man (*a*); over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity. T

No 341. TUESDAY, April 1.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

——*Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem*
——*Mittite.* VIRG. Æn. 1. v. 206.

Resume your courage, and dismiss your care. DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue; he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I AM amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your 'last Friday's paper, which has been so generally ap'plauded by the town, and received such honours as were 'never before given to any in an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go 'off the stage the first night, till she had repeated it 'twice; the second night the noise of *ancoras* was as 'loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it 'twice: the third night it was still called for a second 'time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, 'which are dropt after the third representation of the 'play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own I am the more surprised to find this cen'sure in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which 'has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criti'cisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy correspon'dent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, because it is 'gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him 'that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the 'ancient tragedy; but every one knows that on the Bri'tish stage they are distinct performances by themselves, 'pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way 'essential to it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more 'Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet 'had left Andromache, *ſtone-dead upon the ſtage*, as your 'ingenious correſpondent phraſes it, Mrs. Oldfield might 'ſtill have ſpoke a merry epilogue. We have an inſtance 'of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death but 'a martyrdom. St. Catharine was there perſonated by 'Nell Gwyn: ſhe lies *ſtone-dead upon the ſtage*; but, up-'on thoſe gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whoſe 'buſineſs it is to carry off the ſlain in our Engliſh trage-'dies, ſhe breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what 'was a very ludicrous, but at the ſame time thought a very 'good epilogue:

'Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,
'I am to riſe and ſpeak the epilogue.

'This diverting manner was always practiſed by Mr. 'Dryden, who, if he was not the beſt writer of tragedies 'in his time, was allowed by every one to have the hap-'pieſt turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The epilogues 'to Cleomenes, Don Sebaſtian, the Duke of Guiſe, Au-'rengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of 'this nature.

'I might further juſtify this practice by that excellent 'epilogue which was ſpoken a few years ſince, after the 'tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus *(a)*; with a great 'many others in which the authors have endeavoured to 'make the audience merry. If they have not all ſucceed-'ed ſo well as the writer of this, they have however ſhewn 'that it was not for want of good-will.

'I muſt further obſerve, that the gaiety of it may be 'ſtill the more proper, as it is at the end of a French 'play; ſince every one knows that nation, who are gene-'rally eſteemed to have as polite a taſte as any in Europe, 'always cloſe their tragic entertainments with what they 'call a *petite piece*, which is purpoſely deſigned to raiſe 'mirth, and ſend away the audience well pleaſed. The 'ſame perſon who has ſupported the chief character in the 'tragedy, very often plays the principal part in the *petite* '*piece*; ſo that I have myſelf ſeen, at Paris, Oreſtes and 'Lubin acted the ſame night by the ſame man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former
'speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks
'the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but
'this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have
'already had their full course. Nos. 324. 332. 347.

'As the new epilogue is written conformable to the
'practice of our best poets, so it is not such an one, which,
'as the Duke of Buckingham says in his *Rehearsal*, might
'serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the oc-
'currences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives
'against this *facetious epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that he
'has a mind to go home *melancholy*. I wish the gentle-
'man may not be more grave than wise. For my own
'part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the
'anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is
'representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good
'humour. If Physibulus is however resolved to be incon-
'solable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only
'continue his old custom, and when he has had his half
'crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue
'begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius com-
'plaining of the *great mischief* Andromache had done him.
'What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor
'gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's
'case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after,
'through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the
'whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he
'could have attacked *half a score of the fiercest Mohocks* in
'the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an
'happy accident, that a man who is so bloody minded in
'his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous
'melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress
'brings to one's memory the *Knight of the sorrowful coun-
'tenance*, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate
'in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his
'soul, as he himself says, "would have made a very ri-
"diculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended
"to the poetical shades," in such an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a *tragic head* with a *co-
'mic tail*, in order to *refresh the audience*, it is such a

'piece of *jargon*, that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant writer makes a very ſudden tranſition 'from the play-houſe to the church, and from thence to 'the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion, 'that theſe epilogues have given occaſion to thoſe "merry "jigs from the organ-loft, which have diſſipated thoſe "good thoughts and diſpoſitions he has found in himſelf, "and the reſt of the pew, upon the ſinging of two ſtaves "culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk."

'He fetches his next thought from Tyburn: and ſeems 'very apprehenſive leſt there ſhould happen any innovations 'in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain.

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who is ſo 'mightily ſcandalized at a gay epilogue after a ſerious 'play, ſpeaking of the fate of thoſe unhappy wretches 'who are condemned to ſuffer an ignominious death by 'the juſtice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader 'merry on ſo improper an occaſion, by thoſe poor bur'leſque expreſſions of *tragical dramas*, and *monthly perfor'mances*. I am, Sir,

'with great reſpect,

'Your moſt obedient,

'moſt humble ſervant,

X 'PHILOMEIDES.'

No 342. WEDNESDAY, April 2.

By STEELE.

Juſtitiæ partes ſunt non violare homines: verecundiæ non offendere. TULL.

Juſtice conſiſts in doing no injury to men: decency in giving them no offence.

AS regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more eſpecially to be conſulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter which deſcribes an egregious offender.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I WAS this day looking over your papers, and reading in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Aſteria for the abſence of her huſband. It threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot ſay but this aroſe very much from the circumſtances of my own life, who am a ſoldier, and expect every day to receive orders which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deſervedly. She is, at preſent, I am ſure, no way below your Aſteria for conjugal affection: but I ſee the behaviour of ſome women ſo little ſuited to the circumſtances wherein my wife and I ſhall ſoon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to preſent pain, is the example of a young lady, whoſe ſtory you ſhall have as well as I can give it you. Hortenſius, an officer of good rank in her Majeſty's ſervice, happened in a certain part of England to be brought to a country-gentleman's houſe, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domeſtic lives entertain ſuch few ſoldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered over-bearing, but humane, eaſy, and agreeable. Hortenſius ſtaid here ſome time, and had eaſy acceſs at all hours, as well as unavoidable converſation at ſome parts of the day with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully ſtruck with every little country abode they ſee when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they paſs) much happier than in their preſent circumſtances. The turbulent way of life which Hortenſius was uſed to, made him reflect with much ſatisfaction on all the advantages of a ſweet retreat one day; and among the reſt, you'll think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that ſuch a woman as Sylvana would conſummate the happineſs. The world is ſo debauched with mean conſiderations, that Hortenſius knew it would be received as an act of generoſity, if he aſked for a woman of the higheſt merit, without further queſtions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her perſonal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's houſe; when that

'was over, the generous husband did not proportion his
'provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune,
'but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his
'vanity; or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen
'that a man of sense could shew pride or vanity with an
'excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits
'and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to ad-
'monish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it
'was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a
'woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to con-
'sider it as such; and begged of her also to take these
'matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the
'laces would still become her better, if her air and be-
'haviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus
'rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out
'of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this
'lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that
'she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country
'till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylva-
'na saw in her looking glass, that the love he conceived
'for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her;
'and she is convinced it was only her misfortune the rest
'of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater
'quality and merit had contended for one so genteel,
'though bred in obscurity: so very witty, though never ac-
'quainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not
'to hide so much excellence from the world, but, without
'any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive,
'she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut
'out the thoughts of her husband by a constant re[illegible] of
'the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to en-
'tertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able
'to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with
'no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

'Now Mr. *Spectator*, would it not be a work be-
'coming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves?
'You should give it the severest reflections you can: you
'should tell women, that they are more accountable for
'behaviour in absence than after death. The dead are
'not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return,
'and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to

'turn into ridicule the good man who is so unseasonabl[y]
'as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage: and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praise-worthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother: all these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure and ambition on things, which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

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No 343. THURSDAY, April 3.

By ADDISON.

——Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: éque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster——
PYTHAG. ap. OVID. Metam. l. 15. v. 165.

——All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast. DRYDEN.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycaut, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know, says *Will*, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you, says *Will*, that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, *Will* told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very fine epistle upon this hint. Jack, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey,

which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says *Will*, whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.

'MADAM,

'NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long time 'waited in vain for an opportunity of making my-'self known to you; and having at present the conve-'niencies of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take 'the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which 'I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, 'Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an In-'dian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious se-'crets which your European philosopher, called Pythago-'ras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had 'so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult 'sciences with a dæmon whom I used to converse with, 'that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of 'him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the 'body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not 'in his power to grant me. I then begged that into what-'ever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might 'still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the 'same person who lived in different animals. This he 'told me was within his power, and accordingly promised, 'on the word of a dæmon, that he would grant me what 'I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblame-'ably, that I was made president of a college of Brach-'mans, an office which I discharged with great integrity 'till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and act-'ed my part so very well in it that I became first minister 'to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. 'I here lived in great honour, for several years, but by 'degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being 'obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my

'sovereign: till at length I became so odious, that my 'master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me 'through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day ad-'dressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, 'under the shape of a jack-call, and soon listed myself in 'the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about 'midnight, which was his time of rouzing and seeking 'after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and 'when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an 'hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it him-'self, would now and then throw me a bone that was but 'half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being 'unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a 'confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration I was again set upon two 'legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having 'been guilty of great extravagancies, and being married 'to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, 'that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step 'out of my house, but I was arrested by some body or 'other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one 'night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hur-'ried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying fish, and in that 'state led a most melancholy life for the space of six 'years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was 'in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it 'was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. 'As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, 'I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering 'just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to 'avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark 'that swallowed me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an 'eminent banker in Lombard-street; and remembering 'how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became 'so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried 'shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look 'upon, for I had, in a manner, starved myself, and was 'nothing but skin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed

'to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily 'concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not 'know but some time or other I might be reduced to a 'mite if I did not mend my manners. I, therefore, ap-'plied myself with great diligence to the offices that were 'allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the not-'ablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked 'up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky 'cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had 'before made great depredations upon our common-'wealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a 'whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired 'with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in 'my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other ex-'treme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party 'to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the 'swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left 'dead upon the spot.

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations which 'I went through; how I was a town-rake, and afterwards 'did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how 'I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of 'these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by 'a young jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new 'gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages 'of life, to remind you of the young beau who made 'love to you about six years since. You may remember, 'madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and 'played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was 'at last carried off by a cold that he got under your win-'dow one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate 'young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not 'long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found my-'self upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present 'grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the 'English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I 'need not inform you how I came into your hands. You 'see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had 'me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my cap-'tivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses

'which I would have given the world for when I was a 'man: I hope this discovery of my person will not tend 'to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your 'accustomed favours to

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'PUGG.

P. S. 'I would advise your little shock-dog to keep 'out of my way: for, as I look upon him to be the most 'formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other 'to give him such a snap as he won't like.' L

No 344. FRIDAY, April 4.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——*In solo vivendi causa palato est.*

Juv. Sat. 11. v. 11.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

CONGREVE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it is not yet fallen into your way to dis'course on little ambition, or the many whimsical 'ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among 'their acquaintance: such observations, well pursued, 'would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am 'got into a great reputation, which arose (as most ex'traordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) 'from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortu'nately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem 'a man according to the quantity of food he throws down 'at a meal. Now I, who am never for distinguishing 'myself according to the notions of superiority which 'the rest of the company entertain, eat so immoderately 'for their applause, as had like to have cost me my 'life. What added to my misfortune was, that having 'naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for 'some time, my body was as well prepared for this con'tention as if it had been by appointment. I had quick'ly vanquished every glutton in the company but one

'who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very 'merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which, in 'a little time, concluded in a complete victory over my 'rival; after which, by way of insult, I eat a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me 'obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this 'engagement has made me resolve never to eat more for 'renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength 'of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because 'it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. 'How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is 'hard to determine; but the occasion of this, is to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, 'who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend 'their success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my 'antagonist into convulsions: it was then that I returned 'his mirth upon him with such success as he was hardly 'able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, 'and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been 'so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thrist after glory has often caused a 'man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprizes; which, if 'otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I can't help observing, that 'you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more, (though 'he had before dined) as well to confirm the person that 'commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been inattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'EPICURE MAMMON.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE written to you three or four times, to desire 'you would take notice of an impertinent custom the 'women, the fine women, have lately fallen into of 'taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a 'coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate mascu-'line one in others, that I cannot tell which most to 'complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. 'Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it, that 'she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as 'she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her 'manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, 'is what is presented to the observation of all who have 'the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her 'niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; 'and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as 'much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a con-'fident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the 'snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and clo-'ses on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly 'image in speaking of ladies; that is very true; but where 'arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those 'who observe it? As for my part, I have been so ex-'tremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the 'lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has 'not been able to make up for it. As to those who take 'it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for 'pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I 'can bear with them; but then they must not use it when 'another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too 'much respect, to admit of offering at that time from 'hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken 'with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her 'box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle 'of the sermon; and to shew she has the audacity of 'a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the 'women who sit near her: but since, by this time, all the 'world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may 'give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sun-'day was se'ennight, when they came about for the of-'fering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but 'at the same time asked the church-warden, if he would

'take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, 'and you will oblige, Sir,

T 'Your most humble servant.'

No 345. SATURDAY, April 5.

By ADDISON.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ,
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est—— OVID. Met. lib. I. v. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest. DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode; they are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse: which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat, retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic, from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud, and bloom,

Her nurſery: they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather: he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes: from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?

The angel's returning a doubtful anſwer to Adam's inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reaſon which the poet aſſigns, but becauſe it would have been highly abſurd to have given the ſanction of an archangel to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypotheſis are deſcribed with great conciſeneſs and perſpicuity, and at the ſame time dreſſed in very pleaſing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own hiſtory, and relates to him the circumſtances in which he found himſelf upon his creation; as alſo his converſation with his Maker, and his firſt meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raiſe the attention of the reader than this diſcourſe of our great anceſtor; as nothing can be more ſurpriſing and delightful to us, than to hear the ſentiments that aroſe in the firſt man while he was yet new and freſh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this ſubject in holy writ, with ſo many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more juſt and natural than this whole epiſode. As our author knew this ſubject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the ſix days works, but reſerved it for a diſtinct epiſode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two ſhining paſſages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The firſt is

that wherein our anceſtor gives an account of the pleaſure he took in converſing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt: they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Tho' pleaſant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

The other I ſhall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reaſon why he ſhould be glad to hear the ſtory Adam was about to relate.

For I that day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure;
Far on excurſion toward the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion, (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Leſt he, incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.

There is no queſtion but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's ſixth book, where Æneas and the Sibyl ſtand before the adamantine gates, which are there deſcribed as ſhut upon the place of torments, and liſten to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noiſe of iron whips, that were heard in thoſe regions of pain and ſorrow.

——Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and ſentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the beautiful landſcape that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion?

——As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid

In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Straight towards heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling: all things ſmil'd
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards deſcribed as ſurpriſed at his own exiſtence, and taking a ſurvey of himſelf, and of all the works of nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the light of reaſon, that he and every thing about him muſt have been the effect of ſome being infinitely good and powerful, and that this being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the ſun, and to thoſe parts of the creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination.

——Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?

His next ſentiment, when, upon his firſt going to ſleep, he fancies himſelf loſing his exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred ſtory. Theſe, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the ſame time that they have all the graces of nature. They are ſuch as none but a great genius could have thought of; though, upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to riſe of themſelves from the ſubject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

——Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd——

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: the more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of his sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.
——I with leave of speech implor'd
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely.

Under his forming hand a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent sex: so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd

Sweetneſs into my heart unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.

Adam's diſtreſs upon loſing ſight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the diſcovery of a real creature who reſembled the apparition which had been preſented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtſhip, are all laid together in a moſt exquiſite propriety of ſentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and ſpirit, the love which is deſcribed in it is every way ſuitable to a ſtate of innocence. If the reader compares the deſcription which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the ſame occaſion in a ſcene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be ſenſible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on ſo delicate a ſubject that might be offenſive to religion or good manners. The ſentiments are chaſte, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the moſt tranſporting paſſion, and of the greateſt purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleaſures of love compared to thoſe of ſenſe!

Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs,
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed; but ſuch
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſires: theſe delicacies,
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch: here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange! in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charms of beauty's pow'rful glance:
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain;
Or, from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhew

Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
——When I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally: and, to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her lovelieſt, and create an awe
About her as a guard angelic plac'd.

Theſe ſentiments of love in our firſt parent gave the angel ſuch an inſight into human nature, that he ſeems apprehenſive of the evils which might befall the ſpecies in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the exceſs of this paſſion. He therefore fortifies him againſt it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakneſs of which Adam here gives ſuch diſtant diſcoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the ſubject of the poem. His diſcourſe, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, ſhews that his love, however violent it might appear, was ſtill founded in reaſon, and conſequently not improper for Paradiſe.

Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!

Adam's ſpeech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the ſame time a certain dignity and greatneſs ſuitable to the father of mankind in his ſtate of innocence. L.

No 346. MONDAY, April 7.

By STEELE.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longè antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum: illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium. TULL.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence; the former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons: the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the demands of his own family, will soon find, upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives! Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, *That gentleman was generous?* My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world,

which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life; and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings, bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'that 'highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least 'expence of a man's own fortune.' It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Tom *the bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. (No 248.) Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the

practice of ſome wealthy men whom I could name, that make no ſtep to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not alſo advance thoſe of other men, who would languiſh in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are ſo many public funds to be ſupported, I know not whether he can be called a good ſubject who does not embark ſome part of his fortune with the ſtate, to whoſe vigilance he owes the ſecurity of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the furtheſt a man can poſſibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, beſides giving the ſtate ſome part of this ſort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the induſtrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to chuſe the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has ſhewn mercy. This benignity is eſſential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who deſigns to enjoy his wealth with honour and ſelf-ſatisfaction; nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of ſupporting good and induſtrious men, would carry a man further even to his profit, than indulging the propenſity of ſerving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this ſubject, in order to incline mens minds to thoſe who want them moſt, after this manner: ‘ We muſt always conſider the ‘ nature of things, and govern ourſelves accordingly. The ‘ wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance ‘ with you; but the perſon whom you favoured with a ‘ loan, if he be a good man, will think himſelf in your ‘ debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the con‘ ſpicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them, ‘ they think they conferred a benefit when they received ‘ one. Your good offices are always ſuſpected, and it is ‘ with them the ſame thing to expect their favour as to ‘ receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the ‘ good you have done him, you reſpected himſelf more ‘ than his circumſtances, does not act like an obliged man ‘ only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but ‘ alſo to all who are capable of doing him one. And

'whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far 'from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it 'in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard 'to what you do to a great man, at best, is taken notice 'of no further than by himself or his family; but what 'you do to a man of an humble fortune, (provided al'ways that he is a good and a modest man) raises the 'affections towards you of all men of that character (of 'which there are many) in the whole city.

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a *Spectator*. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs: all therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town that on Friday the 11th of this instant April, there will be performed in York-Buildings a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen the father of twenty children: and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler conditions of honest Jack Falstaff. T

No 347. TUESDAY, April 8.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Quis furor, O cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
LUCAN. lib. 1. v. 8.

What blind, detested madness could afford
Such horrid licence to the murd'ring sword? ROWE.

I Do not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of Mohocks. I find

the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them *the Mohocks will catch them*, it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of *Raw-head and bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion: though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name by which the emperor subscribes himself is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only further inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of 'mankind have been basely and maliciously repre-'sented to the world, we send you inclosed our imperial 'manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you 'forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in

'your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

'Signed,

'Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,

'Emperor of the Mohocks.'

The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.

'WHEREAS we have received information from sundry quarters of this great and populous city of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices, we have by these presents thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings, and do hereby further give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expence, in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business at proper hours, that it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they

'never *tip the lion* upon man, woman, or child, till the 'clock at St. Dunſtan's ſhall have ſtruck one.

'That the *ſweat* be never given but between the hours 'of one and two; always provided, that our *hunters* may 'begin to *hunt* a little after the cloſe of the evening, any 'thing to the contrary herein notwithſtanding. Provided 'alſo, that if ever they are reduced to the neceſſity of '*pinking*, it ſhall always be in the moſt fleſhy parts, and 'ſuch as are leaſt expoſed to view.

'It is alſo our imperial will and pleaſure, that our good 'ſubjects the *ſweaters* do eſtabliſh their *hummums* in ſuch 'cloſe places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient 'or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the *tumblers*, to whoſe care we chiefly commit 'the female ſex, confine themſelves to Drury-Lane and 'the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party 'and diviſion of our ſubjects do each of them keep with'in their reſpective quarters we have allotted to them. 'Provided nevertheleſs, that nothing herein contained 'ſhall in any wiſe be conſtrued to extend to the *hunters*, 'who have our full licence and permiſſion to enter into any 'part of the town wherever their game ſhall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial 'heart than the reformation of the cities of London and 'Weſtminſter, which to our unſpeakable ſatisfaction we 'have in ſome meaſure already effected, we do hereby 'earneſtly pray and exhort all huſbands, fathers, houſe'keepers, and maſters of families, in either of the afore'ſaid cities, not only to repair themſelves to their reſpec'tive habitations at early and ſeaſonable hours, but alſo 'to keep their wives and daughters, ſons, ſervants, and 'apprentices, from appearing in the ſtreets at thoſe times 'and ſeaſons which may expoſe them to military diſci'pline, as it is practiſed by our good ſubjects the Mohocks: 'and we do further promiſe, on our imperial word, that 'as ſoon as the reformation aforeſaid ſhall be brought 'about, we will forthwith cauſe all hoſtilities to ceaſe.

Given from our Court at the Devil-Tavern, Y.
March 15, 1712.

No 348. WEDNESDAY, April 9.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?
HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 13.

To ſhun detraction would'ſt thou virtue fly?

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I HAVE not ſeen you lately at any of the places ' where I viſit, ſo that I am afraid you are wholly ' unacquainted with what paſſes among my part of the ' world, who are, though I ſay it, without controverſy, ' the moſt accompliſhed and beſt bred of the town. Give ' me leave to tell you that I am extremely diſcompoſed ' when I hear ſcandal, and am an utter enemy to all man- ' ner of detraction, and think it the greateſt meanneſs ' that people of diſtinction can be guilty of: however, it is ' hardly poſſible to come into company, where you do not ' find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from ' no other provocation but that of hearing any one com- ' mended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become ' no other than the poſſeſſion of a few trifling people's fa- ' vour, which you cannot poſſibly arrive at, if you have ' really any thing in you that is deſerving. What they ' would bring to paſs, is, to make all good and evil con- ' ſiſt in report, and with whiſpers, calumnies, and imperti- ' nencies, to have the conduct of thoſe reports. By this ' means innocents are blaſted upon their firſt appearance ' in town; and there is nothing more required to make a ' young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to de- ' ſerve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour ' to ſuppreſs or leſſen every thing that is praiſe-worthy, ' is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can ' remember what paſſed at a viſit laſt night, it will ſerve ' as an inſtance that the ſexes are equally inclined to ' defamation, with equal malice, with equal impotence. ' Jack Triplett came into my Lady Airy's about eight of ' the clock. You know the manner we ſit at a viſit, and I ' need not deſcribe the circle: but Mr. Triplett came in,

'introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, 'whose hair is under a cap till my Lady's candles are all 'lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, 'Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good 'company) *Every feature, charming creature;*——he went 'on, *It is a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go 'peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let 'loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that 'as her chariot passed by mine*——My Lady herself inter-'rupted him; *Pray who is this fine thing*——*I warrant,* 'says another, *it is the creature I was telling your ladyship 'of just now. You were telling of?* says Jack; *I wish I 'had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I 'have not words to say what she is:* But if an agreeable 'height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of 'being beheld, amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms—— 'The whole room flew out—Oh Mr. Triplett!—When 'Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said, *She believed she knew 'whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he ci-'villy represented her, impatient of being beheld*——Then 'turning to the Lady next to her——*The most unbred 'creature you ever saw.* Another pursued the dis-'course: *As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she 'is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she 'was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. 'Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took 'care of her home; but*——This was followed by some 'particular exception that each woman in the room made 'to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Trip-'lett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, 'till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the 'end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in 'his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain 'waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversa-'tion; I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after 'took an occasion to commend a certain gentleman of my 'acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, 'integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining con-'versation, to which advantages he had a shape and man-'ner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's 'man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend 'the qualities of his mind: he never heard indeed but that

'he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine 'gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the 'gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of 'the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to 'a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, 'he could see nothing but a common man in his person, 'his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. *Spectator*, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation 'to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, 'I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I 'have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never 'to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into 'examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to 'society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert 'themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have 'passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; 'both which I recommend to your Spectatorial wisdom to 'animadvert upon: and if you can be successful in it, I 'need not say how much you will deserve of the town; 'but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new 'wits their fame. I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

T 'MARY.'

No 349. THURSDAY, April 10.

By ADDISON.

——Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— LUCAN. l. 1. v. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern ſkies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death, deſpiſe!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return. ROWE.

I AM very much pleaſed with a conſolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had loſt a ſon that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the beſt of my memory, as follows: That he ſhould conſider death had ſet a kind of ſeal upon his ſon's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that while he lived he was ſtill within the poſſibility of falling away from virtue, and loſing the fame of which he was poſſeſſed. Death only cloſes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reaſon why we are naturally averſe to the launching out into a man's praiſe till his head is laid in the duſt. Whilſt he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the eſteem we have conceived of him, and ſome time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at preſent. In ſhort, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, ſo neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the concluſion of it.

It was upon this conſideration that Epaminondas, being aſked, whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himſelf, deſerved moſt to be eſteemed? You muſt firſt ſee us die, ſaid he, before that queſtion can be anſwered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives; the consciousness of a well spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last; he maintained the same chearfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to shew at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave

inſtances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the moſt ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the ſevering of his head from his body as a circumſtance that ought to produce any change in the diſpoſition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and ſettled hope of immortality, he thought any unuſual degree of ſorrow and concern improper on ſuch an occaſion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example: men's natural fears will be a ſufficient guard againſt it. I ſhall only obſerve, that what was philoſophy in this extraordinary man would be frenzy in one who does not reſemble him as well in the chearfulneſs of his temper, as in the ſanctity of his life and manners.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the inſtance of a perſon who ſeems to me to have ſhewn more intrepidity and greatneſs of ſoul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the moſt celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this inſtance in the hiſtory of the revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebaſtian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter, in which his corps was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near

his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture. L.

No 350. FRIDAY, April 11.

By STEELE.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, ſi juſtitia vacat, pugnatque pro ſuis commodis, in vitio eſt. TULL.

That courage and intrepidity of mind which diſtinguiſhes itſelf in dangers, if it is void of all regard to juſtice, and ſupports a man only in the purſuit of his own intereſt, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was laſt night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipſwich, which his correſpondent deſired him to communicate to his friend the *Spectator*. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominic Pottiere, and a little veſſel of that place laden with corn, the maſter whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Engliſhman defended himſelf with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy ſtill came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till, at laſt, the Engliſhman finding himſelf ſink apace, and ready to periſh, ſtruck: but the effect which this ſingular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly deſire of vengeance for the loſs he had ſuſtained in his ſeveral attacks. He told the Ipſwich man in a ſpeaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he ſtaid to ſee him ſink. The Engliſhman, at the ſame time, obſerved a diſ-

order in the veſſel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the diſdain which the ſhip's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy: he was taken in by the ſailors in ſpite of their commander; but, though they received him againſt his command, they treated him when he was in the ſhip in the manner he directed. Pottiere cauſed his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a ſtick, till he fainted with loſs of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but ſuch as one or two of the men ſtole to him under peril of the like uſage. After having kept him ſeveral days overwhelmed with the miſery of ſtench, hunger, and ſoreneſs, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was ſoon acquainted with all that had paſſed, diſmiſſed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would beſtow upon an enemy barbarouſly treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. *Sentry* had read his letter, full of many other circumſtances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a ſort of criticiſm upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inſeparable; and that courage, without regard to juſtice and humanity, was no other than the fierceneſs of a wild beaſt. A good and truly bold ſpirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reaſon, and a ſenſe of honour and duty; the affectation of ſuch a ſpirit exerts itſelf in an impudent aſpect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is viſible in all the cocking youths you ſee about this town, who are noiſy in aſſemblies, unawed by the preſence of wiſe and virtuous men; in a word, inſenſible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A ſhameleſs fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modeſty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears ſprightly and agreeable; while the man of reſolution and true gallantry is overlooked and diſregarded, if not deſpiſed. There is a propriety in all things; and, I believe, what you ſcholars call juſt and ſublime, in oppoſition to turgid and bombaſt expreſſion, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I ſay modeſty is the certain indication of a

great ſpirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never riſes into improper warmths, manifeſts the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his behaviour, is ſupported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas, it is not ſo eaſy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine: to dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were juſt now talking of had boldneſs enough to attack his enemy, but not greatneſs of mind enough to admire the ſame quality exerted by that enemy in defending himſelf. Thus his baſe and little mind was wholly taken up in the ſordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own veſſel; and therefore he uſed an honeſt man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that ſhould rob him.

He was equally diſappointed, and had not ſpirit enough to conſider that one caſe would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breaſts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conqueſts, deſirous of opportunities to pardon and oblige their oppoſers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant. The Captain ended his diſcourſe with a ſpecimen of his book learning; and gave us to underſtand that he had read a French author on the ſubject of juſtneſs in point of gallantry, I love, ſaid Mr. *Sentry*, a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author, added he, in his diſcourſe upon epic poem, takes occaſion to ſpeak of the ſame quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas: he makes courage the chief and greateſt ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outſhine it, amongſt the reſt that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of oſtentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifeſtation of his valour; Æneas ſpeaks little, is ſlow to action, and ſhews only a ſort of defenſive courage. If equipage and addreſs make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and ſucceſs prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.

T

No 351. SATURDAY, April 12.

By ADDISON.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.
VIRG. Æn. 12. v. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war, and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable, with relation to this history of Æneas, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tra-

dition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the Harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book; namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above mentioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold Æneas, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, *We are eating our tables.* They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it is an hungry Harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus! inquit Iulus!
Æn. 7. v. 116.

See, we devour the plates on which we fed!
DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other in the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole Æneid, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that

it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with having considered the fable of the Æneid in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authorises those parts in it which appear most exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history, which was the basis of Milton's poem, is still shorter than either that of the Iliad or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars, Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more *story* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible

in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature: he represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice.——

The dispute which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art: it proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion; and is managed with reason, not with heat: it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shews itself here in many fine instances; as in those

fond regards he caſts towards Eve at her parting from him.

> Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
> Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay:
> Oft he to her his charge of quick return
> Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
> To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amuſement during her abſence:

> ——Adam the while,
> Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
> Of choiceſt flow'rs a garland to adorn
> Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown:
> As reapers oft are wont their harveſt queen.
> Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
> Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd.

But particularly in that paſſionate ſpeech, where ſeeing her irrecoverably loſt, he reſolves to periſh with her rather than to live without her.

> ——Some curſed fraud
> Or enemy hath beguil'd thee! yet unknown:
> And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
> Certain my reſolution is to die.
> How can I live without thee! how forego
> Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,
> To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn!
> Should God create another Eve, and I
> Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
> Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel
> The link of nature draw me; fleſh of fleſh,
> Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
> Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe!

The beginning of this ſpeech and the preparation to it, are animated with the ſame ſpirit as the concluſion, which I have here quoted.

The ſeveral wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve ſeparated from her huſband, the many pleaſing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the ſtory, with its gradual and regular progreſs to the fatal cataſtrophe, are ſo very remarkable, that it would be ſuperfluous to point out their reſpective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular ſimilitudes in

my remarks on this great work, becaufe I have given a general account of them in my paper on the firft book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I fhall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the clofeft of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the ferpent is defcribed as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil fpirit, and conducting Eve to her deftruction, while Adam was at too great a diftance from her to give her his affiftance. Thefe feveral particulars are all of them wrought into the following fimilitude.

——Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creft; as when a wand'ring fire
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenfes, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they fay, fome evil fpirit attends)
Hov'ring and blazing with delufive light,
Mifleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires; and oft through pond or pool,
There fwallow'd up and loft, from fuccour far.

That fecret intoxication of pleafure, with all thofe tranfient flufhings of guilt and joy which the poet reprefents in our firft parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to thofe flaggings of fpirit, damps of forrow, and mutual accufations, which fucceed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and defcribed in very natural fentiments.

When Dido in the fourth Æneid yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were fill'd with flafhes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain-tops. Milton in the fame poetical fpirit, has defcribed all nature as difturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.

So faying, her rafh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, fhe pluckt, fhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her feat
Sighing, through all her works gave figns of woe,
That all was loft——

Upon Adam's falling into the fame guilt, the whole creation appears a fecond time in convulfions:

——He fcruppled not to eat
Againft his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,

But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky low'rd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin——

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *lotos*, the *crocus*, and the *hyacinth*? and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:

For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them————

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius

than Milton, I think I ſhould have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not obſerved the moſt remarkable paſſages which look like parallels in theſe two great authors. I might in the courſe of theſe criticiſms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expreſſions which are tranſlated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purpoſely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only ſet off by being ſhewn in the ſame light with ſeveral of the ſame nature in Homer, but by that means may be alſo guarded againſt the cavils of the taſteleſs or ignorant. L.

No 352. MONDAY, April 14.

By STEELE.

——*Si ad honeſtatum nati ſumus, ea aut ſola expetenda eſt, aut certè omni pondere gravior eſt habenda quàm reliqua omnia.* TULL.

If virtue be the end of our being, it muſt either engroſs our whole concern, or at leaſt take place of all our other intereſts.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yeſterday, that the converſation of the town is ſo altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loſs for matter to ſtart diſcourſe, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. *Will* takes notice, that there is now an evil under the ſun which he ſuppoſes to be entirely new, becauſe not mentioned by any ſatiriſt or moraliſt in any age: Men, ſaid he, grow knaves ſooner than ever they did ſince the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the laſt age, you find the artful men, and perſons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleaſures and ſallies of youth; but now *Will* obſerves that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you ſhall have a man of five and twenty, crafty, falſe and intriguing, not aſhamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds that till about

the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty; in the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving mens fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it con-

'venient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his 'goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that 'upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particular-'ly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many 'advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissi-'mulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, 'much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the 'world; is has less of trouble and difficulty; of entangle-'ment and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is 'the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thi-'ther in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. 'The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow 'weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that 'use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and 'the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater 'service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and 'encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose 'the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an un-'speakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs no-'thing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits 'upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are 'aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's 'invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great 'many more to make it good. It is like building upon 'a false foundation, which continually stands in need of 'props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, 'than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a 'true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and sub-'stantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, 'and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; 'of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when 'he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so 'transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the 'last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst 'he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, 'he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious 'wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dis-'patch of business; it creates confidence in those we have 'to deal with, saves the labour of many enquiries, and 'brings things to an issue in few words: it is like travel-

ling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

‘ And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wiſdom hid from men of falſe and diſhoneſt minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the proſperity even of our wordly affairs; theſe men are ſo blinded by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, tho' by ways never ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the remote conſequences of a ſteady integrity, and the vaſt benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſort of men wiſe, and clear ſighted enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of very knavery, not out of any love to honeſty and virtue, but with a crafty deſign to promote and advance more effectually their own intereſts; and therefore the juſtice of the Divine Providence hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the juſt and upright, and ſerve their own wicked deſigns by honeſt and lawful means.

‘ Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (ſpeaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of converſation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions: for nothing but this will laſt and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.’ T

No 353. TUESDAY, April 15.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

In tenui labor—— VIRG. Georg. 4. v. 6.

Tho' low the ſubject, it deſerves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has juſt ſent me the following letter.

' SIR,

' I TAKE the liberty to ſend you a fourth letter * upon ' the education of youth. In my laſt I gave you my ' thoughts about ſome particular taſks which I conceived ' it might not be amiſs to mix with their uſual exerciſes, ' in order to give them an early ſeaſoning of virtue; I ' ſhall in this propoſe ſome others, which I fancy might ' contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and ' enable them to make their way in it.

' The deſign of learning is, as I take it, either to render ' a man an agreeable companion to himſelf, and teach ' him to ſupport ſolitude with pleaſure: or, if he is not ' born to an eſtate, to ſupply that defect, and furniſh him ' with the means of acquiring one. A perſon who applies ' himſelf to learning with the firſt of theſe views, may be ' ſaid to ſtudy for ornament, as he who propoſes to himſelf ' the ſecond, properly ſtudies for uſe. The one does ' it to raiſe himſelf a fortune, the other to ſet off that ' which he is already poſſeſſed of. But as far the greater ' part of mankind are included in the latter claſs, I ſhall ' only propoſe ſome methods at preſent for the ſervice of ' ſuch who expect to advance themſelves in the world by ' their learning: in order to which, I ſhall premiſe, that ' many more eſtates have been acquired by little accompliſhments ' than by extraordinary ones; thoſe qualities ' which make the greateſt figure in the eye of the world, ' not being always the moſt uſeful in themſelves, or the ' moſt advantageous to their owners.

' The poſts which require men of ſhining and uncom-

* Nos 307, 313, 337.

'mon parts to discharge them, are so very few, ma-
'ny a great genius goes out of the world without ever
'having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas per-
'sons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted
'to their parts and capacities every day in the common
'occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were former-
'ly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since.
'One of them was not only thought an impenetrable
'blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputa-
'tion at the university; the other was the pride of his
'master, and the most celebrated person in the college
'of which he was a member. The man of genius is at
'present buried in a country parsonage of eightscore
'pounds a-year; while the other, with the bare abilities
'of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an
'hundred thousand pounds.

'I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear
'a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or
'no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius;
'but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than
'to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has
'not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar schools is, that
'every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas,
'it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part
'of them to be taught such little practical arts and sci-
'ences as do not require any great share of parts to be
'master of them, and yet may come often into play du-
'ring the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have
'known a man contract a friendship with a minister of
'state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remem-
'ber a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the
'west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs
'in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his
'estate.

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear men-
'tioning a particular which is of use in every station of
'life, and which methinks every master should teach his
scholars, I mean the writing of English letters. To this
end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles,

'themes and verſes, there might be a punctual correſpondence eſtabliſhed between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of buſineſs, or be allowed ſometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to anſwer his correſpondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themſelves more advantaged by this cuſtom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their maſters can teach them in ſeven or eight years.

'The want of it is very viſible in many learned perſons, who, while they are admiring the ſtyles of Demoſthenes or Cicero, want phraſes to expreſs themſelves on the moſt common occaſions. I have ſeen a letter from one of theſe Latin orators, which would have been deſervedly laughed at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing I cannot omit accounts and ſhort-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of ſuch arts as I have been here recommending.

'You muſt doubtleſs, Sir, obſerve, that I have hitherto chiefly inſiſted upon theſe things for ſuch boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and conſequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter ſtill further, and venture to aſſert, that a lad of genius has ſometimes occaſion for theſe little acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

'Hiſtory is full of examples of perſons, who though they have had the largeſt abilities, have been obliged to inſinuate themſelves into the favour of great men by theſe trivial accompliſhments; as the complete gentleman, in ſome of our modern comedies, makes his firſt advances to his miſtreſs under the diſguiſe of a painter, or a dancing-maſter.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius theſe are only ſo many accompliſhments, which in another are eſſentials; the one diverts himſelf with them, the other works at them. In ſhort, I look upon a great genius,

'with these little additions, in the same light as I regard 'the Grand Signior, who is obliged, by an express com'mand in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handi'craft trade. Though I need not have gone for my instance 'farther than Germany, where several emperors have vo'luntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked 'in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft 'works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly 'turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own 'them, without any disgrace to his profession.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to 'be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch 'it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in 'this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make 'learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities. I 'am, Sir,

X 'Your's, &c.'

No 354. WEDNESDAY, April 16.

By Steele. From the Letter-box.

——*Cum magnis virtutibus effers*
Grande supercilium—— Juv. Sat. 5. v. 168.

We own thy virtues; but we blame beside
Thy mind elate with insolence and pride.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU have in some of your discourses described most 'sorts of women in their distinct and proper clas'ses, as the *ape*, the *coquette*, and many others; but I 'think you have never yet said any thing of a *devotee*. 'A *devotee* is one of those who disparage religion by their 'indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention 'of virtue on all occasions; she professes she is what no'body ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she 'is put to, to be what she ought to be with chearfulness

'and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herſelf none of the diverſions of it, with a conſtant declaration how inſipid all things in it are to her. She is never herſelf but at church; there ſhe diſplays her virtue, and is ſo fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently ſeen her pray herſelf out of breath. While other young ladies in the houſe are dancing, or playing at queſtions and commands, ſhe reads aloud in her cloſet. She ſays, all love is ridiculous except it be celeſtial; but ſhe ſpeaks of the paſſion of one mortal to another, with too much bitterneſs, for one that had no jealouſy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time ſhe ſees a man warm in his addreſſes to his miſtreſs, ſhe will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, What nonſenſe is that fool talking? Will the bell never ring for prayers? We have an eminent lady of this ſtamp in our country, who pretends to amuſements very much above the reſt of her ſex. She never carries a white ſhock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a ſquirrel or dormouſe in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality to ſteal out when ſhe is ſure of being obſerved. When ſhe went to the famous aſs-race (which I muſt confeſs was but an odd diverſion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure) it was not, like other ladies, to hear thoſe poor animals bray, nor to ſee fellows run naked, or to hear country 'ſquires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the ſide of a coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty weather. Thus ſhe deſcribed the diverſion; for ſhe went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to ſee if the poor fellow's face, which was diſtorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itſelf again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is ſuppoſed in an ejaculation before ſhe taſtes a ſup. This oſtentatious behaviour is ſuch an offence to true ſanctity, that it diſparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but alſo ridiculous. The ſacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a *devotee* is ſo far from promoting goodneſs, that ſhe deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of theſe ladies is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only

'debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world 'think the worse of religion. I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan 'commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their 'young men in the streets, says, there was so much mo- 'desty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned 'the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and 'that in all their behaviour they were more modest than 'a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night. This 'virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had 'such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an 'enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst 'not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk in the streets of London and West- 'minster, the countenances of all the young fellows that 'pass by me, make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet 'with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, 'that to a superficial observer would bespeak a courage 'above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection 'in speculation, that I understand the language of the 'eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I 'not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. 'There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell 'me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several 'swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but 'the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every 'street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful 'look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils 'of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his 'disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by 'stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears 'a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, 'coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the 'polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with 'these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fel- 'low with a burden on his head steal a hand down from 'his load, and slily twirl the cock of a 'squire's hat

'behind him: while the offended perſon is ſwearing, or out 'of countenance, all the wag-wits in the high-way are 'grinning in applauſe of the ingenious rogue that gave 'him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all 'round his head to prevent receiving it. Theſe things 'ariſe from a general affectation of ſmartneſs, wit, and cou-'rage. Wycherly ſomewhere rallies the pretenſions this 'way, by making a fellow ſay, Red breeches are a cer-'tain ſign of valour; and Otway makes a man, to boaſt 'his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From ſuch 'hints I beg a ſpeculation on this ſubject; in the mean 'time, I ſhall do all in the power of a weak old fellow 'in my own defence: for as Diogenes, being in queſt of 'an honeſt man, ſought for him when it was broad day-'light with a lanthorn and candle, ſo I intend for the fu-'ture to walk the ſtreets with a dark lanthorn, which has 'a convex cryſtal in it; and if any man ſtares at me, I 'give fair warning that I'll direct the light full into his eyes. 'Thus, deſpairing to find men modeſt, I hope by this means 'to evade their impudence. I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T 'SOPHROSUNIUS.'

No 355. THURSDAY, April 17.

By ADDISON.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmine quenquam.

OVID. Triſt. l. 2. v. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of ſhameleſs men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon thoſe who have detracted from my works, or ſpoken in derogation of my perſon; but I look upon it as a particular happineſs, that I have always hindered my reſentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a ſatire, but found ſo many motions of humanity riſing in me towards the perſons whom I had

ſeverely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finiſhing it. I have been angry enough to make ſeveral little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewiſe committed them to the flames. Theſe I look upon as ſo many ſacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater ſatisfaction from the ſuppreſſing ſuch performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in caſe I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it ſhews a good mind to forbear anſwering calumnies and reproaches in the ſame ſpirit of bitterneſs with which they are offered: but when a man has been at ſome pains in making ſuitable returns to an enemy, and has the inſtruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and ſtifle his reſentments, ſeems to have ſomething in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in ſuch a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater ſtill is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a conſideration that is more finely ſpun, and what has better pleaſed me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are uſed to regard him. The ſenſe of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Conſider with thyſelf whether his reproaches are true; if they are not, conſider that thou art not the perſon whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appeareſt to be: if his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyſelf another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally ceaſe; his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the perſon whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myſelf; and when I hear of a ſatirical ſpeech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deſerve it or not. If I bring in a verdict againſt myſelf, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in thoſe particulars which have drawn the cenſure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded

upon a falſehood, I trouble myſelf no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to ſignify no more than one of thoſe fictitious names made uſe of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why ſhould a man be ſenſible of the ſting of a reproach, who is a ſtranger to the guilt that is implied in it? Or ſubject himſelf to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impoſſible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himſelf in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monſieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book againſt him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatneſs of mind ſo viſible in the works of that author, 'If it was a new thing, it may be 'I ſhould not be diſpleaſed with the ſuppreſſion of the firſt 'libel that ſhould abuſe me; but ſince there are enough of 'them to make a ſmall library, I am ſecretly pleaſed to 'ſee the number increaſed, and take delight in raiſing a 'heap of ſtones that envy has caſt at me without doing 'me any harm.'

The author here alludes to thoſe monuments of the eaſtern nations, which were mountains of ſtones raiſed upon the dead body by travellers, that uſed to caſt every one his ſtone upon it as they paſſed by. It is certain, that no monument is ſo glorious as one which is thus raiſed by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for ſuch a temper of mind, as enables him to bear an undeſerved reproach without reſentment, more than for all the wit of any of the fineſt ſatirical reply.

Thus far I thought neceſſary to explain myſelf in relation to thoſe who have animadverted on this paper, and to ſhew the reaſons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal anſwer. I muſt further add, that the work would have been of very little uſe to the public, had it been filled with perſonal reflections and debates; for which reaſon I have never once turned out of my way to obſerve thoſe little cavils which have been made againſt it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of ſcribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what

has gained ſome reputation in the world, would have furniſhed me with buſineſs enough, had they found me diſpoſed to enter the liſts with them.

I ſhall conclude with the fable of Boccolini's traveller, who was ſo peſtered with the noiſe of graſhoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horſe in great wrath to kill them all. This, ſays the author, was troubling himſelf to no manner of purpoſe: had he purſued his journey without taking notice of them, the troubleſome inſects would have died of themſelves in a very few weeks, and he would have ſuffered nothing from them *. L

* See No 262.

No 356. FRIDAY, April 18.

By STEELE.

—— *Aptiſſima quæque dabunt dii,*
Carior eſt illis homo quàm ſibi —— JUV. Sat. 10. v. 349.

———— The gods will grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs, they excel:
Ah that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!

DRYDEN.

IT is owing to pride, and a ſecret affectation of a certain ſelf-exiſtence, that the nobleſt motive for action that ever was propoſed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happineſs of their being. The heart is treacherous to itſelf, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the moſt honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakneſs, to flatter ourſelves into a belief, that if we ſearch into our inmoſt thoughts, we find ourſelves wholly diſintereſted, and diveſted of any views ariſing from ſelf-love and vain-glory. But however ſpirits of ſuperficial greatneſs may diſdain at firſt ſight to do any thing but from a noble impulſe in themſelves, without any future regards in this or another being; upon ſtricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in

another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society; yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation: but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: they could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves: he in that place there-

fore would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepoſſeſſion of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the ſick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a ſecond life they ſaw, ſpoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him, till they were almoſt as faint and helpleſs as others they brought for ſuccour. He had compaſſion on them, and by a miracle ſupplied their neceſſities. Oh, the extatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increaſe to the diſtributer's hand, and ſee their God in perſon feeding and refreſhing his creatures! Oh, envied happineſs! but why do I ſay envied? as if our God did not ſtill preſide over our temperate meals, chearful hours, and innocent converſations.

But though the ſacred ſtory is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midſt of thoſe acts of divinity he never gave the leaſt hint of a deſign to become a ſecular prince, yet had not hitherto the apoſtles themſelves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apoſtles, hearing his Maſter explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was ſo ſcandalized that he whom he had ſo long followed ſhould ſuffer the ignominy, ſhame, and death, which he foretold, that he took him aſide and ſaid, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this 'ſhall not be unto thee:' for which he ſuffered a ſevere reprehenſion from his Maſter, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit as a Saviour and a Deliverer to make his public entry into Jeruſalem, with more than the power and joy, but none of the oſtentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecſtaſy, multitudes ſtrewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying with loud gladneſs and acclamation, 'Hoſannah to the Son of David! bleſſed 'is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's acceſſion to his throne, men were not ennobled, but ſaved; crimes were not remitted, but ſins for-

given; he did not beſtow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, ſight, ſpeech. The firſt object the blind ever ſaw was the Author of ſight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the Hoſanna. Thus attended, he entered into his own houſe, the ſacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time uſe a great and deſpotic power, to let unbelievers underſtand that it was not want of, but ſuperiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour, is this the Deliverer? Shall this obſcure Nazarene command Iſrael, and ſit on the throne of David? Their proud and diſdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of ſo mean a benefactor, and were now enough exaſperated with benefits to conſpire his death. Our Lord was ſenſible of their deſign, and prepared his diſciples for it, by recounting to them now more diſtinctly what ſhould befall him; but Peter with an ungrounded reſolution, and in a fluſh of temper, made a ſanguine proteſtation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's buſineſs in the world, to bring us to a ſenſe of our inability, without God's aſſiſtance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought ſo well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he ſhould deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the 'ſequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mocked, and 'ſpurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither 'do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my 'God? And will he die to expiate thoſe very injuries? 'See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! 'How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, his heart 'heaves with pity and with agony! Oh Almighty ſufferer, 'look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy. 'Lo, he inclines his head to his ſacred boſom! Hark 'he groans! ſee, he expires! The earth trembles, the 'temple rends, the rocks burſt, the dead ariſe: which 'are the quick? which are the dead? Sure nature, all 'nature is departing with her Creator.

No 357. SATURDAY, April 19.

By ADDISON.

——*Quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis?—— VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 6.

Who can relate ſuch woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of *Paradiſe Loſt* has a greater variety of perſons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all thoſe who had any concern in it, and ſhews, with great beauty, the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the laſt act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and repreſented under thoſe circumſtances in which the determination of the action places them.

I ſhall, therefore, conſider this book under four heads; in relation to the celeſtial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary perſons, who have their reſpective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celeſtial perſons: the guardian angels of Paradiſe are deſcribed as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the ſorrow which appeared in themſelves, and in thoſe ſpirits who are ſaid to rejoice at the converſion of a ſinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:—

Up into heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For man; for of his ſtate by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard: dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages; yet, mixt
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ætherial people ran, to hear and know

How all befel: they tow'rds the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt high
Eternal Father from his ſecret cloud
Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The ſame divine perſon, who, in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our firſt parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now repreſented as deſcending to Paradiſe, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumſtance with which holy writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our author, who has alſo kept religiouſly to the form of words, in which the three ſeveral ſentences were paſſed upon Adam, Eve, and the ſerpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerouſneſs of his verſe than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion of our firſt parents ſtanding naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of ſin and death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his angels that ſurrounded him.

See! with what heat thoſe dogs of hell advance,
To waſte and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, &c.

The following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable hoſt of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:—

He ended, and the heav'nly audence loud
Sung hallelujah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees, in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee?——

Though the author, in the whole courſe of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite alluſions to places of ſcripture, I have only taken notice, in my remarks, of ſuch as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of the fable. Of this kind is that paſſage in the preſent book,

where, describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

——Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse——

Which alludes to that passage in scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. 'And I looked 'and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him 'was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power 'was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, 'to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, 'and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial persons, we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly, they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:—

Some say he bid his angels turn askaunce
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe——

We are, in the second place, to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course

among the conſtellations, and after having traverſed the whole creation, purſuing his voyage through the Chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His firſt appearance in the aſſembly of fallen angels, is worked up with circumſtances which give a delightful ſurpriſe to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himſelf is deſcribed after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of thoſe celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the moſt beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and beſtowing the laſt finiſhing touches to every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected hiſs which riſes in this epiſode, the dimenſions and bulk of Satan, ſo much ſuperior to thoſe of the infernal ſpirits who lay under the ſame transformation, with the annual change which they are ſuppoſed to ſuffer, are inſtances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole epiſode, as I have obſerved in the ſixth paper of theſe remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human perſons, come next under our conſideration. Milton's art is no where more ſhewn than in his conducting the parts of theſe our firſt parents. The repreſentation he gives of them, without falſifying the ſtory, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compaſſion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole ſpecies in miſery, his crime proceeds from a weakneſs which every man is inclined to pardon and commiſerate, as it ſeems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the perſon who offended. Every one is apt to excuſe a fault which he himſelf might have fallen into. It was the exceſs of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his poſterity. I need not add, that the author is juſtified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the moſt orthodox writers. Milton has, by this means, filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all ſorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now conſidering, are likewiſe drawn with ſuch ſentiments as do not only intereſt

the reader in their afflictions, but raiſe in him the moſt melting paſſions of humanity and commiſeration. When Adam ſees the ſeveral changes in nature produced about him, he appears in a diſorder of mind ſuitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happineſs; he is filled with horror, remorſe, deſpair; in the anguiſh of his heart he expoſtulates with his Creator for having given him an unaſked exiſtence.

Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me? Or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd——

He immediately after recovers from his preſumption, owns his doom to be juſt, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

——Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! there ſhould I reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation——

This whole ſpeech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all thoſe ſentiments which we may ſuppoſe natural to a mind ſo broken and diſturbed. I muſt not omit that generous concern which our firſt father ſhews in it for his poſterity, and which is ſo proper to affect the reader.

——Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs? Yet well, if here would end
The mis'ry; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: but this will not ſerve;

All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *increaſe and multiply*;
Now death to hear!——

——In me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd! fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, ſons! O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave you none!
So diſinherited, how would you bleſs
Me now your curſe? Ah, why ſhould all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? but from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt?——

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his exiſtence, and wiſhing for death, without ſympathiſing with him in his diſtreſs?

Thus Adam to himſelf lamented loud,
Through the ſtill night; not now (as ere man fell)
Wholeſome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom:
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation? death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution——

The part of Eve in this book is no leſs paſſionate, and apt to ſway the reader in her favour. She is repreſented with great tenderneſs as approaching Adam, but is ſpurned from him with a ſpirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whoſe paſſions had now gained the dominion over him. The following paſſage, wherein ſhe is deſcribed as renewing her addreſſes to him, with the whole ſpeech that follows it, have ſomething in them exquiſitely moving and pathetic.

He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heav'n
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! thy suppliant
I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
Whereon I live! thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength, and stay! forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps!)
Between us two let there be peace, &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries does not shew such a degree of magnanimity, as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius, but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the Choas; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I

ſhall beg leave to explain myſelf in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary perſons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are juſt ſhewn, without being engaged in any ſeries of action. Homer indeed repreſents *ſleep* as a perſon, and aſcribes a ſhort part to him in his Iliad; but we muſt conſider that though we now regard ſuch a perſon as intirely ſhadowy and unſubſtantial, the heathens made ſtatues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes uſe of other ſuch allegorical perſons, it is only in ſhort expreſſions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the moſt pleaſing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phraſes, than allegorical deſcriptions. Inſtead of telling us, that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the perſons of *flight* and *fear*, who, he tells us, are inſeparable companions. Inſtead of ſaying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompence, he tells us, that the *hours* brought him his reward. Inſtead of deſcribing the effects which Minerva's Ægis produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompaſſed by *terror, rout, diſcord, fury, purſuit, maſſacre*, and *death*. In the ſame figure of ſpeaking he repreſents *victory* as following Diomedes; *diſcord* as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dreſſed by the *graces*; Bellona as wearing *terror* and *conſternation* like a garment. I might give ſeveral other inſtances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewiſe very often made uſe of the ſame way of ſpeaking; as where he tells us, that *victory* ſat on the right hand of the Meſſiah when he marched forth againſt the rebel angels; that, at the riſing of the ſun, the *hours* unbarred the gates of light; that *diſcord* was the daughter of *ſin*. Of the ſame nature are thoſe expreſſions, where deſcribing the ſinging of the nightingale, he adds, *ſilence was pleaſed*; and upon the Meſſiah's bidding peace to the chaos, *confuſion heard his voice*. I might add innumerable inſtances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain, that theſe I have mentioned, in which perſons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are ſuch ſhort allegories as are not deſigned to be taken in the literal ſenſe, but only to convey particular

circumſtances to the reader after an unuſual and entertaining manner. But when ſuch perſons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a ſeries of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear, therefore, thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature as Strength and Neceſſity in one of the tragedies of Eſchylus, who repreſented thoſe two perſons nailing down Prometheus to a rock, for which he has been juſtly cenſured by the greateſt critics. I do not know any imaginary perſon made uſe of in a more ſublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who deſcribing God as deſcending from heaven, and viſiting the ſins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumſtance, *Before him went the peſtilence.* It is certain this imaginary perſon might have been deſcribed in all her purple ſpots. The *fever* might have marched before her, *pain* might have ſtood at her right-hand, *phrenzy* on her left, and *death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flaſh of lightning: ſhe might have tainted the atmoſphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have ſcattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in ſuch ſublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in ſcripture has ſomething in it more juſt, as well as great, than all that the moſt fanciful poet could have beſtowed upon her in the richneſs of his imagination. L

No 358. MONDAY, April 21.

By STEELE.

Deſipere in loco. HOR. Od. 12. l. 4. v. ult.

'Tis Wiſdom's part ſometimes to play the fool.

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a preſent of a large ſheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement of Moſaic work lately diſcovered at Stunsfield near Woodſtock. A perſon who

has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to mirth and concord. Viewing this work made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I had read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the chearful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheared with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in the company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischevious, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency are, de-

ſcend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleaſant companion. Inſtead of that, you find many whoſe mirth conſiſts only in doing things which do not become them, with a ſecret conſciouſneſs that all the world know they know better: to this is always added ſomething miſchievous to themſelves or others. I have heard of ſome very merry fellows among whom the frolic was ſtarted, and paſſed by a great majority, that every man ſhould immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and ſmoked a cobler. The ſame company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whoſe eſtate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and a laced hat into the ſame fire. Thus they have jeſted themſelves ſtark naked, and run into the ſtreets and frighted women very ſucceſsfully. There is no inhabitant of any ſtanding in Covent-Garden, but can tell you a hundred good humours, where people have come off with little bloodſhed, and yet ſcoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has ſeveral wounds in the head by watch poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jeſt: he is very old for a man of ſo much good humour; but to this day he is ſeldom merry, but he has occaſion to be valiant at the ſame time. But by the favour of thoſe gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one ſtatute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of ſtabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a juſtneſs to their repreſentation; and it would not be amiſs if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their action to the place of meeting: for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much miſchief, that ſhould denominate a pleaſant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and conſiſts of various and unforced ſallies of imagination. Feſtivity of ſpirit is a very uncommon talent, and muſt proceed from an aſſemblage of agreeable qualities in the ſame perſon: there are ſome few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, eſpecially when one conſiders that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who poſſeſſes it in the ſe-

cond place. The beſt man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is Eaſtcourt, whoſe jovial humour diffuſes itſelf from the higheſt perſon at an entertainment to the meaneſt waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt geſtures and lively repreſentations of circumſtances and perſons, beguile the graveſt mind into a conſent to be as humorous as himſelf. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debaſe the perſon he repreſents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableneſs of it. This pleaſant fellow gives one ſome idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is ſaid to have given the audience in dumb-ſhow an exact idea of any character or paſſion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expreſſion than that of his looks and geſtures. If all who have been obliged to theſe talents in Eaſtcourt, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at ſo eaſy a rate as being preſent at a play which nobody would omit ſeeing, that had, or had not ever ſeen it before. T

No 359. TUESDAY, April 22.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Torva leæna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella.

VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 63.

The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe.

DRYDEN.

AS we were at the club laſt night, I obſerved that my friend Sir *Roger*, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, ſat very ſilent, and, inſtead of minding what was ſaid by the company, was whiſtling to himſelf in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir *Andrew Freeport* who ſat between us; and as we were both obſerving him, we ſaw the Knight ſhake his head, and heard him ſay to himſelf, *A fooliſh woman! I can't believe it.*

Sir *Andrew* gave him a gentle pat upon the ſhoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend ſtarted, and, recovering out of his brown ſtudy, told Sir *Andrew* that once in his life he had been in the right. In ſhort, after ſome little heſitation, Sir *Roger* told us in the fulneſs of his heart, that he had juſt received a letter from his ſteward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagoniſt in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a viſit to the widow. However, ſays Sir *Roger*, I can never think that ſhe'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh; I thought, Knight, ſays he, thou haſt lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happineſs upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge conſiſts in this, that they are not to be known. *Will* immediately, with his uſual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, ſays he, upon the verge of fifty, (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threeſcore.) You may eaſily gueſs, continued *Will*, that I have not lived ſo long in the world without having had ſome thoughts of *ſettling* in it, as the phraſe is. To tell you truly, I have ſeveral times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boaſt of my ſucceſs.

I made my firſt addreſſes to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a concluſion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a ſurgeon, the old Put forbid me his houſe, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her ſo briſkly, that I thought myſelf within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, ſhe told me, that ſhe intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and deſired me to call upon her attorney at Lyon's inn, who would adjuſt with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was ſo rebuffed by this over-

ture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

A few months after I addreſſed myſelf to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at ſeveral balls, ſqueezed her by the hand, ſaid ſoft things to her, and, in ſhort, made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to her's, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man ſhe had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the houſe, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confuſion, and heard, to my unſpeakable ſurpriſe, that Miſs Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a ſecond widow, and am at a loſs to this day how I came to miſs her, for ſhe had often commended my perſon and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her miſtreſs had ſaid ſhe never ſaw a gentleman with ſuch a ſpindle pair of legs as Mr. *Honeycomb*.

After this I laid ſiege to four heireſſes ſucceſſively, and, being a handſome young dog in thoſe days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to paſs, though I ſeldom failed of getting the daughter's conſent, I could never in my life get the old people on my ſide.

I could give you an account of a thouſand other unſucceſsful attempts, particularly of one which I made ſome years ſince upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her aſſiſtance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I ſhould have got her at laſt, had not ſhe been carried off by a hard froſt.

As *Will's* tranſitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir *Roger*, and applying himſelf to me, told me there was a paſſage in the book I had conſidered laſt Saturday, which deſerved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a Pocket-Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's ſpeeches to Eve after the fall.

——O why did God
Creator wiſe! that peopl'd higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect

Of nature? and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall; innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or, whom he wiſhes moſt, ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe: or if ſhe love, withheld
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame;
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſehold peace confound.

Sir *Roger* liſtened to this paſſage with great attention, and deſiring Mr. *Honeycomb* to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over thoſe verſes again before he went to bed. X

No 360. WEDNESDAY, April 23.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——*De paupertate tacentes*
Plus poſcente ferent. HOR. Epiſt. 17. l. 1. v. 43.

The man that's ſilent, nor proclaims his want,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.
CREECH.

I HAVE nothing to do with the buſineſs of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unſuitable, ſince if ſilence of our poverty is a recommendation, ſtill more commendable is his modeſty who conceals it by a decent dreſs. (See Nos 264, 280.)

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an evil under the ſun which has not yet 'come within your ſpeculation, and is, the cenſure, 'diſeſteem, and contempt which ſome young fellows meet 'with from particular perſons, for the reaſonable methods 'they take to avoid them in general. This is by appear'ing in a better dreſs, than may ſeem to a relation regu'larly conſiſtent with a ſmall fortune; and therefore may 'occaſion a judgment of a ſuitable extravagance in other 'particulars: but the diſadvantage with which the man 'of narrow circumſtances acts and ſpeaks is ſo feelingly 'ſet forth in a little book called *The Chriſtian Hero*, that 'the appearing to be otherwiſe is not only pardonable, 'but neceſſary. Every one knows the hurry of conclu'ſions that are made in contempt of a perſon that appears 'to be calamitous; which makes it very excuſable to pre'pare one's ſelf for the company of thoſe that are of a ſu'perior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a bet'ter condition than one is, ſo far as ſuch appearance ſhall 'not make us really of worſe.

'It is a juſtice due to the character of one who ſuffers 'hard reflections from any particular perſon upon this 'account, that ſuch perſons would inquire into his man'ner of ſpending his time; of which, though no further 'information can be had than that he remains ſo many 'hours in his chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine 'that a reaſonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, 'does not make the beſt uſe of this retirement, would be 'a concluſion extremely uncharitable. From what has or 'will be ſaid, I hope no conſequence can be extorted, 'implying that I would have any young fellow ſpend 'more time than the common leiſure which his ſtudies 'require, or more money than his fortune or allowance 'may admit of in the purſuit of an acquaintance with his 'betters; for as to his time the groſs of that ought to 'be ſacred to more ſubſtantial acquiſitions, for each irre'vocable moment of which he ought to believe he ſtands 'religiouſly accountable. And as to his dreſs, I ſhall en'gage myſelf no further than in the modeſt defence of two 'plain ſuits a-year: for being perfectly ſatisfied in Eu'trapalus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, 'by preſenting him with laced and embroidered ſuits, I

'would by no means be thought to contravert that con-
'ceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an
'assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of
'tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better
'received by those of quality above him than one of much
'better parts whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions
'of frugality. A man's appearance fall within the cen-
'sure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning
'very few are judges of; and even upon these few they
'cannot at first be well intruded; for policy and good
'breeding will council him to be reserved among stran-
'gers, and to support himself only by the common spirit
'of conversation. Indeed, among the injudicious, the
'words, delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods,
'genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and
'comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense
'reading, and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and
'middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too
'much upon their dress, and consequently to value others
'in some measure upon the same consideration. With
'what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the
'civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire
'hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the
'other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to
'have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be
'allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and
'appear genteelly, might, with artificial management,
'save ten pounds a-year; as instead of fine holland he
'might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be
'proportionably shabby: but of what great service would
'this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would
'leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he
'has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appear-
'ance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making
'one, I don't know but it might be of advantage some-
'times to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations
'about *bank stock*, and to shew a marvellous surprise up-
'on its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its
'rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of
'all ages has preserved to appearances without doubt
'suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom,

'to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all 'those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which 'the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can fur'nish them with. What can be more attractive to a man 'of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and 'languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction 'with a painter, shall image upon his column and the ex'tremities of his shop: the same spirit of maintaining a 'handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid 'apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull 'in proving the word *apprentice* to be significant of a bar'rister), and you may easily distinguish who has most lately 'made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most 'ornamental frame of his window: if indeed the chamber 'is a ground room, and has rails before it, the finery is 'of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business 'better maintained. And what can be a greater indica'tion of the dignity of dress than that burdensome finery 'which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and 'bishops, with which upon certain days we see them en'cumbered? And though it may be said this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest 'of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at 'their present stations, for being *very well dressed per'sons.* As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since 'I left school have not been idle, which is a modern 'phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean 'system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of 'metaphysics from the university; since that, I have been 'engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and 'matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all 'its professors: to all which severe studies I have thrown 'in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. 'Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakespeare calls *a 'fellow of no mark or likelihood;* which makes me un'derstand the more fully, that since the regular methods 'of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a 'profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should 'take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good 'acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is 'said to happen to every man.'

No 361. THURSDAY, April 24.

By ADDISON.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinùs omnis
Contremuit domus—— VIRG. Æn. 7. v. 514.

The blaſt Tartarean ſpreads its notes around;
The houſe aſtoniſh'd trembles at the ſound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left London I went to ſee a play, called *The humorous Lieutenant.* Upon the riſing of the curtain I was very much ſurpriſed with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myſelf that I had made a miſtake, and gone to a muſic-meeting inſtead of the play-houſe. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to ſee ſo many perſons of quality of both ſexes aſſembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the muſicians themſelves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the houſe to aſk queſtions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the ſecret of this matter. What I would therefore deſire of you, is, to give me ſome account of this ſtrange inſtrument which I found the company called a *cat-call;* and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of muſic lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an Engliſh fiddle: though I durſt not ſhew my diſlike whilſt I was in the play-houſe, it being my chance to ſit the very next man to one of the performers.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt affectionate friend and ſervant,

'JOHN SHALLOW, ESQ;'

In compliance with 'ſquire Shallow's requeſt, I deſign this paper as a diſſertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myſelf a maſter of the ſubject, I purchaſed one the beginning of laſt week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toyſhops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have ſince conſulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themſelves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of muſic, concludes from the ſimplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its ſound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He obſerves very well, that muſical inſtruments took their firſt riſe from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals: and what, ſays he, was more natural than for the firſt ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the ſame roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-inſtrument, but for our ſtring-muſic in general.

Another virtuoſo of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Theſpis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world ſoon after the ancient comedy: for which reaſon it has ſtill a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor muſt I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who has lately returned from his travels, has more than once aſſured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the ſtatue of a Momus, who holds an inſtrument in his right hand very much reſembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who aſcribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of thoſe inſtruments which that famous muſician made uſe of to draw beaſts about him. It is certain, that the roaſting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that ſpecies than this inſtrument, if dexterouſly played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithſtanding theſe various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of Engliſh muſic. Its reſemblance to the voice of ſome of our Britiſh ſongſters, as well as the uſe

of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at leaſt received great improvements among us, whether we conſider the inſtrument itſelf, or thoſe ſeveral quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be ſenſible of this who heard that remarkable over-grown cat-call, which was placed in the centre of the pit, and preſided over all the reſt at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in Drury-Lane.

Having ſaid thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to conſider the uſe of it. The cat-call exerts itſelf to moſt advantage in the Britiſh theatre: it very much improves the ſound of nonſenſe, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpſichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often ſupplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. ***. In ſhort, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious eſſay upon muſic, has the following paſſage.

'I believe it is impoſſible to invent an *inſtrument* that 'ſhall have a quite contrary effect to thoſe martial ones 'now in uſe; an *inſtrument* that ſhall ſink the ſpirits, 'and ſhake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inſpire 'deſpair and cowardice and conſternation, at a ſurpriſ-'ing rate. It is probable the roaring of lions, the war-'bling of cats and ſcreach-owls, together with a mixture 'of the howling of dogs, judiciouſly imitated and com-'pounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whe-'ther ſuch anti-muſic as this might not be of ſervice 'in a camp, I ſhall leave to the military men to con-'ſider.'

What this learned gentleman ſuppoſes in ſpeculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has ſtruck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes off the ſtage. At the firſt ſound of it, I have ſeen a crowned head tremble, and a princeſs fall into fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himſelf could not ſtand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouſe, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying inſtrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the ſtage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who after an unſucceſsful purſuit of ſome years, took leave of his miſtreſs in a ſerenade of cat-calls.

I muſt conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artiſt, who has long ſtudied this inſtrument, and is very well verſed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to expreſs by it the whole art of criticiſm. He has his baſs and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular ſqueak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different ſounds to ſhew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In ſhort, he teaches the ſmut-note, the fuſtian-note, the ſtupid-note, and has compoſed a kind of air that may ſerve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compaſs of the cat-call. L.

No 362. FRIDAY, April 25.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus——

HOR. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 6.

The man, who praiſes drinking, ſtands from thence
Convict a ſot on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *Temple, April 24.*

'SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a diſh of tea in very good health, though 'we had celebrated yeſterday with more glaſſes than we 'could have diſpenſed with, had we not been beholden to 'Brook and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to thoſe 'good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to ac'cuſe you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, 'who have imported true and generous wine, and taken 'care that it ſhould not be adulterated by the retailers 'before it comes to the tables of private families, or the

'clubs of honeſt fellows. I cannot imagine how a *Spec-* '*tator* can be ſuppoſed to do his duty, without frequent 'reſumption of ſuch ſubjects as concern our health, the 'firſt thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to reliſh 'any thing elſe. It would therefore very well become 'your Spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your of- 'ficer for inſpecting ſigns, that in his march he would 'look into the itinerants who deal in proviſions, and en- 'quire where they buy their ſeveral wares. Ever ſince the 'deceaſe of Colly-Molly-Puff, (No 251,) of agreeable and 'noiſy memory, I cannot ſay I have obſerved any thing 'ſold in carts, or carried by horſe or aſs, or in fine, in 'any moving market, which is not periſhed or putrified; 'witneſs the wheel-barrows of rotten raiſins, almonds, 'figs, and currants, which you ſee vended by a mer- 'chant, dreſſed in a ſecond hand ſuit of a foot-ſoldier. 'You ſhould conſider that a child may be poiſoned for 'the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents 'ſend to one certain doctor in town, they can have no 'advice for him under a guinea. When poiſons are thus 'cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be ne- 'gligent in inſpecting what we eat and drink, or take no 'notice of ſuch as the above-mentioned citizens, who have 'been ſo ſerviceable to us of late in that particular? It 'was a cuſtom among the Old Romans, to do him parti- 'cular honours who had ſaved the life of a citizen; how 'much more does the world owe to thoſe who prevent 'the death of multitudes? As theſe men deſerve well of 'your office, ſo ſuch as act to the detriment of our health, 'you ought to repreſent to themſelves and their fellow- 'ſubjects in the colours which they deſerve to wear. I think 'it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines 'ſhould be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman at 'a quarter ſeſſions ſhould inform the country, that the 'vintner, who mixes wine to his cuſtomers, ſhall (upon 'proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a 'day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, 'and the jury ſhall be inſtructed to enquire and preſent 'ſuch delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the 'crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in 'chance-medley or man-ſlaughter, upon proof that it ſhall 'appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordſhire

'poured into Port O Port; but his selling it for one 'thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the 'foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said 'vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mix-'ture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains 'to which a man would be, if it were proved he designed 'only to run a man through the arm, whom he whipped 'through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, 'and this is, or should be law. An ill intention well proved 'should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. 'There cannot be too great severity used against the in-'justice as well as cruelty of those who play with mens 'lives, by preparing liquors, whose nature, for ought 'they know, may be noxious when mixed, though inno-'cent when apart: and Brook and Hellier, who have in-'sured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from 'our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks 'of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them 'of the obligation. I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'TOM POTTLE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long immured in a college, 'read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of 'the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught 'me. By this means I improved in my study, but became 'unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with 'the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the liv-'ing; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly 'aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain 'to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I 'was in some measure made sensible of my failing; and 'the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, 'unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing 'myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest 'company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear 'off the rust I had contracted; but, by an uncouth imita-'tion of men used to act in public, I got no further than 'to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I 'really was.

'Such I was, and ſuch was my condition, when I became an ardent lover and paſſionate admirer of the 'beauteous Belinda: then it was that I really began to 'improve. This paſſion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the ſole concern of 'pleaſing her. I had not now to ſtudy the action of a gentleman, but love poſſeſſing all my thoughts, made me 'truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts 'grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint 'ſimilitude of that diſengaged manner of my Belinda. 'The way we are in at preſent, is, that ſhe ſees my paſſion, and ſees I at preſent forbear ſpeaking of it through 'prudential regards. This reſpect to her ſhe returns with 'much civility, and makes my value for her as little a 'misfortune to me as is conſiſtent with diſcretion. She 'ſings very charmingly, and is readier to do ſo at my requeſt, becauſe ſhe knows I love her: ſhe will dance 'with me rather than another for the ſame reaſon. My 'fortune muſt alter from what it is before I can ſpeak 'my heart to her, and her circumſtances are not conſiderable enough to make up for the narrowneſs of mine. 'But I write to you now, only to give you the character 'of Belinda, as a woman that has addreſs enough to demonſtrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him 'hopes of ſucceſs in his paſſion. Belinda has from a great 'wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned 'with innocence, the happineſs of always being ready to 'diſcover her real thoughts. She has many of us who 'are now her admirers; but her treatment of us is ſo 'juſt, and proportioned to our merit towards her, and 'what we are in ourſelves, that I proteſt to you I 'have neither jealouſy nor hatred towards my rivals. 'Such is her goodneſs, and the acknowledgment of 'every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to 'believe ſhe will take him who beſt deſerves her. I will 'not ſay that this peace among us is not owing to ſelf-love, which prompts each to think himſelf the beſt deſerver. I think there is ſomething uncommon and 'worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you 'will pleaſe to print my letter, you will oblige the little

'fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular man-'ner, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T WILL CYMON.'

No 363. SATURDAY, April 26.

By ADDISON.

——Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 368.

All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grizzly death in ſundry ſhapes appears. DRYDEN.

MILTON has ſhewn a wonderful art in deſcribing that variety of paſſions which ariſe in our firſt parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We ſee them gradually paſſing from the triumph of their guilt through remorſe, ſhame, deſpair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are repreſented as proſtrating themſelves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumſtance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their ſentence.

——They, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Wat'ring the ground——

There is a beauty of the ſame kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Œdipus, after having put out his own eyes, inſtead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furniſhes ſo elegant an entertainment for our Engliſh audience) deſires that he may be conducted to mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where

he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ: 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense which came with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God.'

——To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne——

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatic sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, 'that every one had four faces, *and that* their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about.'

——The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes——

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him.

——Yet left they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soft'ned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gate of paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to shew the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

——Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not: for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition——

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage.

——The archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial; but as man

Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Mœlibean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the wooff:
His ſtarry helm, unbuckled ſhew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide,
As in a gliſt'ring Zodiac, hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the garden of Paradiſe, is wonderfully beautiful: the ſentiments are not only proper to the ſubject, but have ſomething in them particularly ſoft and womaniſh.

Muſt I then leave thee, Paradiſe? Thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of gods! Where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, tho' ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave you names:
Who now ſhall rear you to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's ſpeech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more maſculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more ſublime and poetical than the following paſſage in it:

This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine; and to my ſons relate

On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd;
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For tho' I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold tho' but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but, though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty:

But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of

mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; *Despair*
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant *Death* his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

The passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural.

Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-eye'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of woman born: compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.

The discourse between the angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in scripture.

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress and troul the tongue, and roll the eye;
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair Atheists——

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech:

——O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand-fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his viſions, after having raiſed in the mind of his reader the ſeveral ideas of terror which are conformable to the deſcription of war, paſſes on to thoſe ſofter images of triumphs and feſtivals, in that viſion of lewdneſs and luxury which uſhers in the flood.

As it is viſible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the univerſal deluge, the reader may obſerve with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here ſee the wolf ſwimming among the ſheep, nor any of thoſe wanton imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great cataſtrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verſe in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but ſea, and that this ſea had no ſhore to it, he has not ſet the thought in ſuch a light as to incur the cenſure which critics have paſſed upon it. The latter part of that verſe in Ovid is idle and ſuperfluous, but juſt and beautiful in Milton.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant:
Nil niſi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.

OVID. Met. l. v. 291.

Now ſeas and earth were in confuſion loſt;
A world of waters, and without a coaſt. DRYDEN.

——Sea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore—— MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the deſcription does not foreſtal the latter. How much more great and ſolemn on this occaſion is that which follows in our Engliſh poet:

——And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled——

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the ſea-calfs lay in thoſe places where the goats were uſed to browze? The reader may find ſeveral other parallel paſſages in the Latin and Engliſh deſcription of the deluge, wherein our poet has viſibly the advantage. The ſky's being over-

charged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper:

——Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the op'ning gulph,
And there take root; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs and sea-mews clang.

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.

No 364. MONDAY, April 28.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——*Navibus atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.
HOR. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 29.

We ride and ſail in queſt of happineſs. CREECH.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too 'much reſpect to be eaſy while ſhe is doing an in- 'diſcreet action, has given occaſion to this trouble: ſhe 'is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender huſband 'has intruſted the management of a very great fortune, 'and a ſon about ſixteen, both which ſhe is extremely fond 'of. The boy has parts of the middle ſize, neither ſhi- 'ning nor deſpicable, and has paſſed the common exerciſes 'of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what 'you would call a forward youth: by the help of this 'laſt qualification, which ſerves as a varniſh to all the reſt, 'he is enabled to make the beſt uſe of his learning, and 'diſplay it at full length upon all occaſions. Laſt ſummer 'he diſtinguiſhed himſelf two or three times very remark- 'ably, by puzzling the vicar before an aſſembly of moſt 'of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from ſuch weigh- 'ty conſiderations as theſe, as it too often unfortunately 'falls out, the mother is become invincibly perſuaded that 'her ſon is a great ſcholar; and that to chain him down to 'the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, 'would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable 'injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to viſit at the houſe laſt week, and miſſing 'the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he ſeldom 'fails to officiate, could not upon ſo extraordinary a cir- 'cumſtance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me, 'he was gone out with her woman in order to make ſome 'preparations for their equipage; for that ſhe intended very 'ſpeedily to carry him to travel. The oddneſs of the

expreſſion ſhocked me a little; however, I ſoon recovered myſelf enough to let her know, that all I was willing to underſtand by it was that ſhe deſigned this ſummer to ſhew her ſon his eſtate in a diſtant county, in which he has never yet been. But ſhe ſoon took care to rob me of that agreeable miſtake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young maſter's prodigious improvements, and his comprehenſive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding that it was now high time that he ſhould be made acquainted with men and things; that ſhe had reſolved he ſhould make the tour of France and Italy; but could not bear to have him out of her ſight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

‘I was going to rally her for ſo extravagant a reſolution, but found myſelf not in a fit humour to meddle with a ſubject that demanded the moſt ſoft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping ſomething that might ſeem to bear hard either upon the ſon's abilities or the mother's diſcretion, being ſenſible that in both theſe caſes, though ſupported with all the powers of reaſon, I ſhould, inſtead of gaining her ladyſhip over to my opinion, only expoſe myſelf to her diſeſteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the *Spectator*.

‘When I came to reflect at night, as my cuſtom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a caſe of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular ſtamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compaſs of my obſervation, though I could call to mind ſome not extremely unlike it: from hence my thoughts took occaſion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and under the tuition of ſome poor ſcholar, who is willing to be baniſhed for thirty pounds a-year, and a little victuals, ſend him crying and ſnivelling into foreign countries. Thus he ſpends his time as children do at puppet-ſhows, and with much the ſame advantage, ſtaring and gaping

'at an amazing variety of ſtrange things; ſtrange indeed 'to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reaſons 'and meaning of them; whilſt he ſhould be laying the 'ſolid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and fur-'niſhing it with juſt rules to direct his future progreſs 'in life under ſome ſkilful maſter of the art of inſtruc-'tion.

'Can there be a more aſtoniſhing thought in nature, 'than to conſider how men ſhould fall into ſo palpable a 'miſtake? It is a large field, and may very well exerciſe 'a ſprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet 'taken a turn in it. I wiſh, Sir, you would make people 'underſtand that *travel* is really the laſt ſtep to be taken 'in the inſtitution of youth; and that to ſet out with it is 'to begin where they ſhould end.

'Certainly the true end of viſiting foreign parts, is to 'look into their cuſtoms and policies, and obſerve in what 'particulars they excel or come ſhort of our own; to un-'learn ſome odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear 'off ſuch awkward ſtiffneſſes and affectations in our beha-'viour, as may poſſibly have been contracted from con-'ſtantly aſſociating with one nation of men, by a more free, 'general and mixed converſation. But how can any of 'theſe advantages be attained by one who is a mere ſtran-'ger to the cuſtom and policies of his native country, and 'has not yet fixed in his mind the firſt principles of man-'ners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy 'ſtructure without any foundation; or, if I may be al-'lowed the expreſſion, to work a rich embroidery upon a 'cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deſerves to be conſi-'dered, is the improving our taſte of the beſt authors of 'antiquity, by ſeeing the places where they lived, and of 'which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the 'country with the deſcriptions they have given us, and 'obſerve how well the picture agrees with the original. 'This muſt certainly be a moſt charming exerciſe to the 'mind that is rightly turned for it; beſides that it may 'in a good meaſure be made ſubſervient to morality, if 'the perſon is capable of drawing juſt concluſions con-'cerning the uncertainty of human things, from the rui-'nous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon

'so many palaces, cities and whole countries, which make 'the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may 'be not a little improved by examining every spot of 'ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some 'famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, 'Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A 'nearer view of any such particular, though really little 'and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to 'warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, 'and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright 'examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for 'the impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think 'those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense 'and spirit of the ancients, that they don't yet under-'stand their language with any exactness.

'But I have wandered from my purpose, which was 'only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English 'mother, and a mother's *own* son, from being shewn a 'ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of 'Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or 'jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be 'healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt 'to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too 'often lasts their lifetime. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'PHILIP HOMEBRED.' (*a*)

'SIR, *Birchin Lane.*

'I WAS married on Sunday last, and went peaceably 'to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next 'morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These war-'like sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage 'concert, and give great offence: they seem to insinuate 'that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and 'discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to 'many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a 'battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush 'them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that 'for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morn-'ing of a bridal night! which will be a favour not only

'to those who come after, but to me, who can ſtill ſub-
'ſcribe myſelf

'Your moſt humble,
'and moſt obedient ſervant,
'ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that ſort of women whom the gayer part of our ſex are apt to call a prude. But to ſhew them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I ſhall be glad to ſee them all at *The Amorous Widow*, or *The Wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th inſtant. I aſſure you I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged me ſo very much in the exquiſite ſenſe ſhe ſeemed to have of the honourable ſentiments, and noble paſſions in the character of Hermione, that I ſhall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great reliſh for any entertainments where the mirth is not ſeaſoned with a certain ſeverity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reaſon and authority over all their actions.

'I am, Sir,
'Your frequent reader,
'ALTAMIRA.'

T

No 365. TUESDAY, April 29.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit oſſibus——
VIRG. Georg. 3. v. 272.

But moſt in ſpring; the kindly ſpring inſpires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that diſcourſing one day with ſeveral ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuſes a

kindly warmth into the earth and all its inhabitants, the Marchioneſs of S——, who was one of the company, told him, 'That though ſhe would promiſe to be chaſte in 'every month beſides, ſhe could not engage for herſelf in 'May.' As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I deſign this paper for a caveat to the fair ſex, and publiſh it before April is quite out, that if any of them ſhould be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being perſuaded the above-mentioned obſervation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that ſome of our Britiſh ladies are of the ſame conſtitution with the French Marchioneſs.

I ſhall leave it among phyſicians to determine what may be the cauſe of ſuch an anniverſary inclination; whether or no it is that the ſpirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned looſe, and ſet a rambling; or that the gay proſpects of fields and meadows, with the courtſhip of the birds in every buſh, naturally unbend the mind and ſoften it to pleaſure; or that, as ſome have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of inſtinct to throw herſelf on a bed of flowers, and not to let thoſe beautiful couches which nature has provided lie uſeleſs. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the ſex, who act without diſguiſe, are very viſible. It is at this time that we ſee the young wenches in a country pariſh dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries ſuppoſes to be a relic of a certain pagan worſhip that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewiſe on the firſt day of this month that we ſee the ruddy milk-maid exerting herſelf in a moſt ſprightly manner under a pyramid of ſilver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia, oppreſſed by the coſtly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is alſo peculiar to this gay ſeaſon.

The ſame periodical love-fit ſpreads through the whole ſex, as Mr. Dryden well obſerves in his deſcription of this merry month.

For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year;
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.
The ſprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their ſleep;
Each gentle breaſt with kindly warmth ſhe moves,
Inſpires new flames, revives extinguiſh'd loves.

Accordingly among the works of the great maſters in painting, who have drawn this genial ſeaſon of the year, we often obſerve Cupids confuſed with Zephyrs flying up and down promiſcuouſly in ſeveral parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epiſtle in particular by the laſt poſt from a Yorkſhire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it ſeems he has courted unſucceſſfully theſe three years paſt. He tells me that he deſigns to try her this May, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admoniſhed the female ſex, and laid before them the dangers they are expoſed to in this critical month, I ſhall in the next place lay down ſome rules and directions for their better avoiding thoſe calentures, which are ſo very frequent in this ſeaſon.

In the firſt place, I would adviſe them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or ſome other ſober diſcreet perſon. I have before ſhewn how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow, and ſhall further obſerve to them, that Proſerpine was out a Maying, when ſhe met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes, when he mentions,

——That fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herſelf, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd.

Since I am got into quotations, I ſhall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild ſtrawberries and noſegays, that they ſhould have a care of the *ſnake in the graſs*.

In the ſecond place, I cannot but approve thoſe preſcriptions which our aſtrological phyſicians give in their almanacs for this month; ſuch as are a *ſpare and ſimple diet, with the moderate uſe of phlebotomy.*

Under this head of abſtinence, I ſhall alſo adviſe my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made uſe of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to conſider, whenever their reſolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this ſoft ſeaſon, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the reſt of the year will be eaſy to them. As for that part of the fair ſex who ſtay in town, I would adviſe them to be particularly cautious how they give themſelves up to their moſt innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the play-houſe, I would recommend *tragedy* to them, rather than *comedy;* and ſhould think the *puppet-ſhow* much ſafer for them than the *opera*, all the while the ſun is in *Gemini.*

The reader will obſerve, that this paper is written for the uſe of thoſe ladies who think it worth while to war againſt nature in the cauſe of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the firſt ſummons, ſuch warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A proſtitute is the ſame eaſy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December. See Nos 395—555. X.

No 366. WEDNESDAY, April 30.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR. Od. 22. l. 1. v. 17.

Set me where, on ſome pathleſs plain,
The ſwarthy Africans complain,
To ſee the chariot of the ſun
So near the ſcorching country run:
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of Cælia's ſmiles;
All cold but in her breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that of Cælia's eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE are ſuch wild inconſiſtencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reaſon for allowing him more liberty than others poſſeſſed with phrenzy, but that his diſtemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his miſtreſs kindles in his mind a general tenderneſs, which exerts itſelf towards every object as well as his fair-one. When this paſſion is repreſented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintneſſes and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at eaſe; but the men of true taſte can eaſily diſtinguiſh the exertion of mind which overflows with tender ſentiments, and the labour of one which is only deſcribing diſtreſs. In performances of this kind, the moſt abſurd of all things is to be witty; every ſentiment muſt grow out of the occaſion, and be ſuitable to the circumſtances of the character. Where this rule is tranſgreſſed, the humble ſervant, in all the fine things he ſays, is but ſhewing his miſtreſs how well he can dreſs, inſtead of ſaying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man as wit and turn is paſſion.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE following verſes are a tranſlation of a Lapland love-ſong, which I met with in Scheffer's hiſtory of that country. I was agreeably ſurpriſed to find a ſpirit of tenderneſs and poetry in a region which I never ſuſpected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found ſome ſweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them: but a Lapland lyric, breathing ſentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome: a regular ode from a climate pinched with froſt, and curſed with darkneſs ſo great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives ſhould get food, or be tempted to propagate their ſpecies: this, I confeſs, ſeemed a greater miracle to me, than the famous ſtories of their drums, their winds and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern ſong, becauſe I have faithfully kept to the ſentiments, without adding or diminiſhing; and pretend to no greater praiſe from my tranſlation, than they who ſmooth and clean the furs of that country which have ſuffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as looſe and unequal, as thoſe in which the Britiſh ladies ſport their Pindarics; and perhaps the faireſt of them might not think it a diſagreeable preſent from a lover: but I have ventured to bind it in ſtricter meaſures, as being more proper for our tongue; though perhaps wilder graces may better ſuit the genius of the Laponian language.

'It will be neceſſary to imagine, that the author of this ſong, not having the liberty of viſiting his miſtreſs at her father's houſe, was in hopes of ſpying her at a diſtance in the fields.

I.

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

II.

Oh! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmoſt bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid?
Faſt by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.

Oh! could I ride the clouds or ſkies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliſs too long my bride denies,
Apace the waſting ſummer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms or night ſhall keep me here.

VI.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has fetters ſtronger far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt,
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
Away to Orra haſte away.

' Mr. SPECTATOR, *April the 10th.*

' I Am one of thoſe deſpicable creatures called a ' chamber-maid, and have lived with a miſtreſs for ' ſome time, whom I love as my life, which has made my ' duty and pleaſure inſeparable. My greateſt delight has ' been in being employed about her perſon: and indeed ' ſhe is very ſeldom out of humour for a woman of her ' quality: but here lies my complaint, Sir; to bear with ' me is all the encouragement ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow ' upon me; for ſhe gives her caſt-off clothes from me ' to others; ſome ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow in the houſe

'to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to 'hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come 'dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying 'sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and 'love to appear what I am, and causes an uneasiness, so 'that I cannot serve with that chearfulness as formerly; 'which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and 'ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My 'mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, 'that is some thousands below her in estate, who is con-'tinually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she 'can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a 'fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other 'things suitable: all this I see without envying, but not 'without wishing my mistress would a little consider what 'a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites di-'vided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy 'entire to themselves. I have spoke to my mistress, but 'to little purpose: I have desired to be discharged (for 'indeed I fret myself to nothing) but that she answers with 'silence. I beg, Sir, your direction what to do, for I am 'fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am

'Your admirer,
'and humble servant,
'CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

'I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it 'come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your 'speculations, may see it.'

No 367. THURSDAY, May 1.

By ADDISON.

——*Peritura parcite chartæ.* JUV. Sat. 1. v. 18.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the man-

ner of logicians, I would diſtinguiſh into the *material* and the *formal*. By the latter I underſtand thoſe advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by theſe my daily labours; but having already ſeveral times deſcanted on my endeavours in this light, I ſhall at preſent wholly confine myſelf to the conſideration of the former. By the word *material* I mean thoſe benefits which ariſe to the public from theſe my ſpeculations, as they conſume a conſiderable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artiſans in printing, and find buſineſs for great numbers of indigent perſons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it ſeveral mean materials which could be put to no other uſe, and affords work for ſeveral hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Thoſe poor retailers, whom we ſee ſo buſy in every ſtreet, deliver in their reſpective gleanings to the merchant: the merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they paſs through a freſh ſet of hands, and give life to another trade. Thoſe who have mills on their eſtates, by this means conſiderably raiſe their rents, and the whole nation is in a great meaſure ſupplied with a manufacture, for which formerly ſhe was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no ſooner wrought into paper, but they are diſtributed among the preſſes, where they again ſet innumerable artiſts at work, and furniſh buſineſs to another myſtery. From hence, accordingly, as they are ſtained with news or politics, they fly through the town in *poſt-men*, *poſt-boys*, *daily-courants*, *reviews*, *medleys*, and *examiners*. Men, women, and children contend who ſhall be the firſt bearers of them, and get their daily ſuſtenance by ſpreading them. In ſhort, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find ſo many hands employed in every ſtep they take through their whole progreſs, that, while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myſelf providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate ſome of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and publiſhed, is ſtill beneficial to the public on ſeveral occaſions. I muſt confeſs I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth paſt: my landlady often ſends up her little daughter to deſire ſome of

my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the beſt in the world to wrap ſpice in. They likewiſe make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much ſought for laſt Chriſtmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleaſant enough to conſider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by paſſing through the ſeveral hands above-mentioned. The fineſt pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, aſſume a new whiteneſs more beautiful than their firſt, and often return in the ſhape of letters to their native country. A lady's ſhift may be metamorphoſed into billets-doux, and come into her poſſeſſion a ſecond time. A beau may peruſe his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleaſure and advantage than ever he did in a glaſs. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for ſome years as a towel or a napkin, may, by this means, be raiſed from a dung-hill, and become the moſt valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politeſt nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the fineſt printing: abſolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which ſeems to be the nobleſt and moſt beneficial that ever was invented among the ſons of men. The preſent King of France, in his purſuits after glory, has particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the promoting of this uſeful art, inſomuch that ſeveral books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon which he ſets ſo great a value, that he conſiders them as the nobleſt preſents he can make to foreign princes and ambaſſadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we ſhall find, that in this particular they have made themſelves the envy of the greateſt monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any penſioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The ſeveral preſſes which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for ſome years laſt paſt, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account as for its late triumphs and conqueſts. The new edition which is given us of Cæſar's Commentaries has already been taken notice of in foreign Gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the Engliſh preſs. It

is no wonder that an edition ſhould be very correct, which has paſſed through the hands of one of the moſt accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the ſeveral cuts with which this noble work is illuſtrated, makes it the fineſt book that I have ever ſeen; and is a true inſtance of the Engliſh genius, which, though it does not come the firſt into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a Britiſh printing-houſe in ſo great a magnificence, as he is the firſt who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any ſuch there are, will be ſurpriſed to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains reputation to a people among whom it flouriſhes. When mens thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or intereſt to the perſon who is concerned in it. But as I ſhall never ſink this paper ſo far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I ſhall only regard ſuch kind of reaſoners with that pity which is due to ſo deplorable a degree of ſtupidity and ignorance. L

No 368. FRIDAY, May 2.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi eſſet aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finiſſet graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitiâ exequi. EURIP. apud TULL.

When firſt an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief ſhould welcome him to care;
But joy ſhould life's concluding ſcene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

AS the *Spectator* is, in a kind, a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the buſy and polite part of mankind, I ſhall tranſlate the following

letter, written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

'SIR, *Paris, April* 18, 1712.

'IT is so many years since you left your native country, 'that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest 'relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to 'them. The occasion of this is to give you an account 'of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure 'out of this life I know not whether a man of your phi'losophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attend'ed with some circumstances as much to be desired as to 'be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an un'interrupted health, and was always honoured for an 'evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th 'instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which 'confined her to her chamber; but was such as was too 'slight to make her take a sick-bed, and yet too griev'ous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is 'notoriously known, that some years ago, Monsieur Fes'teau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, 'was desperately in love with this lady; her quality pla'ced her above any application to her on the account of 'his passion; but, as a woman always has some regard to 'the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, 'she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physi'cians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur 'Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that 'time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be 'present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he 'began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tre'mor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to 'my cousin with some apprehension: she smiled, and said, 'she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her inju'ry. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, 'proceeded in his work. Immediately after the opera'tion, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of 'all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a 'vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distrac'tion as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little

'circumſtances, but go on to inform you, that within
'three days time it was thought neceſſary to take off her
'arm. She was ſo far from uſing Feſteau as it would be
'natural to one of a lower ſpirit to treat him, that ſhe
'would not let him be abſent from any conſultation
'about her preſent condition, and on every occaſion aſked
'whether he was ſatisfied in the meaſures that were taken
'about her. Before this laſt operation ſhe ordered her
'will to be drawn, and, after having been about a quar-
'ter of an hour alone, ſhe bid the ſurgeons, of whom
'poor Feſteau was one, go on in their work. I know not
'how to give you the terms of art; but there appeared
'ſuch ſymptoms after the amputation of her arm, that
'it was viſible ſhe could not live four and twenty hours.
'Her behaviour was ſo magnanimous throughout this
'whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking
'notice of what paſſed, as her fate approached nearer
'and nearer, and took notes of what ſhe ſaid to all about
'her, particularly word for word what ſhe ſpoke to Mr.
'Feſteau, which was as follows:

"SIR, You give me inexpreſſible ſorrow for the an-
"guiſh with which I ſee you overwhelmed. I am re-
"moved to all intents and purpoſes from the intereſts of
"human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one
"wholly unconcerned in it. I do not conſider you as
"one by whoſe error I have loſt my life; no, you are my
"benefactor, as you have haſtened my entrance into a
"happy immortality. This is my ſenſe of this accident;
"but the world in which you live may have thoughts of
"it to your diſadvantage: I have therefore taken care to
"provide for you in my will, and have placed you above
"what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

'While this excellent woman ſpoke theſe words, Feſ-
'teau looked as if he received a condemnation to die,
'inſtead of a penſion for his life. Madam de Villacerſe
'lived till eight of the clock next night; and, though
'ſhe muſt have laboured under the moſt exquiſite tor-
'ments, ſhe poſſeſſed her mind with ſo wonderful a pa-
'tience, that one may rather ſay ſhe ceaſed to breathe
'than ſhe died at that hour. You who had not the hap-
'pineſs to be perſonally known to this lady have nothing
'but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to

'so great merit; but we who have lost her conversation 'cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection 'upon her's. I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate kinsman,
'and most obedient humble servant,
'PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but the consummation of her life. T

No 369. SATURDAY, May 3.

By ADDISON.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 279.

——What we hear moves less than what we see.
ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have

coſt him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the hiſtory of mankind in viſion, and part in narrative, is as if an hiſtory painter ſhould put in colours one half of his ſubject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this narration; where, in ſome places, the author has been ſo attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, riſes very happily on ſeveral occaſions, where the ſubject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confuſion which he deſcribes among the builders of Babel, and in his ſhort ſketch of the plagues of Egypt. The ſtorm of hail and fire, with the darkneſs that overſpread the land for three days, are deſcribed with great ſtrength. The beautiful paſſage which follows is raiſed upon noble hints in ſcripture.

——Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd, at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him and his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two cryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided——

The *river-dragon* is an alluſion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This alluſion is taken from that ſublime paſſage in Ezekiel; 'Thus ſaith the Lord God, Behold I am againſt 'thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great dragon that 'lieth in the midſt of his rivers, which hath ſaid. My 'river is mine own, and I have made it for myſelf.' Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the ſame deſcription, which is copied almoſt word for word out of the hiſtory of Moſes.

All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then thro' the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command

Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war——

As the principal design of this *episode* was to give Adam an idea of the holy person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the *land of promise*, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Urr of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Shechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd.)

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole *episode*, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places which they were to bear hereafter;

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport;

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader,

after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, ſorrows and diſquietudes, in a ſtate of tranquillity and ſatisfaction. Milton's fable, which had ſo many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular: it is here, therefore, that the poet has ſhewn a moſt exquiſite judgment, as well as the fineſt invention, by finding out a method to ſupply this natural defect in his ſubject. Accordingly he leaves the adverſary of mankind, in the laſt view which he gives us of him, under the loweſt ſtate of mortification and diſappointment. We ſee him chewing aſhes, grovelling in the duſt, and loaden with ſupernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two firſt parents are comforted by dreams and viſions, cheared with promiſes of ſalvation, and in a manner raiſed to a greater happineſs than that which they had forfeited: in ſhort, Satan is repreſented miſerable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of miſery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The laſt ſpeeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and inſtructive ſentiments. The ſleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the diſorders of her mind, produces the ſame kind of conſolation in the reader, who cannot peruſe the laſt beautiful ſpeech which is aſcribed to the mother of mankind, without a ſecret pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whether went'ſt I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd ſeed ſhall all reſtore.

The following lines, which conclude the poem, riſe in a moſt glorious blaze of poetical images and expreſſions.

Heliodorus, in his *Æthiopics*, acquaints us that the

motion of the gods differ from that of mortals, as the former do not ſtir their feet, nor proceed ſtep by ſtep, but ſlide over the ſurface of the earth by an uniform ſwimming of the whole body. The reader may obſerve with how poetical a deſcription Milton has attributed the ſame kind of motion to the angels who were to take poſſeſſion of Paradiſe.

So ſpake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
The cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening miſt,
Ris'n from a river, o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet——

The author helped his invention in the following paſſage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel, who, in holy writ, has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumſtances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made uſe of on this occaſion.

In either hand the haſt'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, &c.

The ſcene which our firſt parents are ſurpriſed with upon their looking back on Paradiſe, wonderfully ſtrikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they ſhed on that occaſion.

They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

If I might preſume to offer at the ſmalleſt alteration in this divine work, I ſhould think the poem would end better

with the paſſage here quoted, than with the two verſes which follow:

> They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
> Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

Theſe two verſes, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing paſſage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguiſh which was pretty well laid by that conſideration.

> The world was all before them, where to chuſe
> Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in *Paradiſe Loſt* is equal to thoſe of the Æneid. Our author in his firſt edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the ſeventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books by the help of ſome ſmall additions. This ſecond diviſion was made with great judgment, as any one may ſee who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the ſake of ſuch a chimerical beauty as that of reſembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more juſt and regular diſpoſition of this great work.

Thoſe who have read Boſſu, and many of the critics who have written ſince his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradiſe Loſt.* Though I can by no means think with the laſt mentioned French author, that an epic writer firſt of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a ſtory to it; I am, however, of opinion, that no juſt heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the moſt univerſal and moſt uſeful that can be imagined: it is in ſhort this, *That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that diſobedience makes them miſerable.* This is viſibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradiſe while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as ſoon as they had tranſgreſſed. This is likewiſe the moral of the principal epiſode, which ſhews us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their ſtate of bliſs, and were caſt into hell upon their diſobedience. Beſides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the ſoul of the fable, there are an infinity of under

morals which are to be drawn from the ſeveral parts of the poem, and which makes this work more uſeful and inſtructive than any other poem in any language.

Thoſe who have criticiſed on the Odyſſey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of thoſe poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find that from Adam's firſt appearance in the fourth book, to his expulſion from Paradiſe in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is deſcribed in the three firſt books, as it does not paſs within the regions of nature, I have before obſerved that it is not ſubject to any calculations of time.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on a work which does an honour to the Engliſh nation. I have taken a general view of it under theſe four heads, the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language, and made each of them the ſubject of a particular paper. I have in the next place ſpoken of the cenſures which our author may incur under each of theſe heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been diſpoſed to dwell on ſo ungrateful a ſubject. I believe, however, that the ſevereſt reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of thoſe heads among which I have diſtributed his ſeveral blemiſhes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradiſe Loſt*, I could not think it ſufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole without deſcending to particulars. I have therefore beſtowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured, not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they conſiſt. I have endeavoured to ſhew how ſome paſſages are beautiful by being ſublime, others by being ſoft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the paſſion, which by the moral, which by the ſentiment, and which by the expreſſion. I have likewiſe endeavoured to ſhew how the genius of the poet ſhines by a happy invention, a diſtant alluſion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raiſed his own imaginations by the uſe which he has made of ſeveral

poetical paſſages in ſcripture. I might have inſerted alſo ſeveral paſſages of Taſſo, which our author has imitated; but, as I do not look upon Taſſo to be a ſufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with ſuch quotations, as might do more honour to the Italian than the Engliſh poet. In ſhort, I have endeavoured to particularize thoſe innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are eſſential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my firſt engaging in this deſign, that it would have led me to ſo great a length, I believe I ſhould never have entered upon it: but the kind reception which it has met with among thoſe whoſe judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookſeller tells me have been made for theſe particular diſcourſes, give me no reaſon to repent of the pains I have been at in compoſing them. L

No 370. MONDAY, May 5.

By STEELE.

Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem.

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well received perſons of the other ſex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin ſentences at the head of my ſpeculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with tranſlations of each of them: however I have to day taken down from the top of the ſtage in Drury-Lane a bit of Latin which often ſtands in their view, and ſignifies that *the whole world acts the player.* It is certain that if we look all around us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly ſee one who is not, as the player is, in an aſſumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cauſe wherein he knows he has not the truth of the queſtion on his ſide, is a player as to the perſonated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the proſtitution of himſelf for hire: becauſe the pleader's falſehood introduces injuſtice, the player feigns for no other end but to divert or inſtruct you. The divine, whoſe paſſions tranſport him to ſay any thing, with any

view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage: it is with me a matter of the highest consideration what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women; so I, who am a *Spectator* in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilkes for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in Macbeth, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, the winning emptiness of a young man of good nature and wealth in *The Trip to the Jubilee*, the officiousness of an artful servant in The Fox: when thus I celebrate Wilkes, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say, Eastcourt has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord Foppington were not on the stage, (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly) he would in the generality of mankind have more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon mens manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by

acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the *Fop's Fortune;* where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene, as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger: he wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation; men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantages of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, an assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind. T

No 371. TUESDAY, May 6.

By ADDISON.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat?——— JUV. Sat. 10. v. 28.

And ſhall the ſage * your approbation win,
Whoſe laughing features wore a conſtant grin?

I SHALL communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'YOU know very well that our nation is more famous 'for that ſort of men who are called *whims* and '*humoriſts* than any other country in the world; for 'which reaſon it is obſerved that our Engliſh comedy ex-'cels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of 'its characters.

'Among thoſe innumerable ſets of *whims* which our 'country produces, there are none whom I have regarded 'with more curioſity than thoſe who have invented any par-'ticular kind of diverſion for the entertainment of them-'ſelves or their friends. My letter ſhall ſingle out thoſe 'who take delight in ſorting a company that has ſome-'thing of burleſque and ridicule in its appearance. I ſhall 'make myſelf underſtood by the following example. One 'of the wits of the laſt age †, who was a man of a good 'eſtate, thought he never laid out his money better than 'in a jeſt. As he was one year at the Bath, obſerving 'that in the great confluence of fine people, there were 'ſeveral among them with long chins, a part of the viſage 'by which he himſelf was very much diſtinguiſhed, he 'invited to dinner half a ſcore of theſe remarkable per-'ſons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. 'They had no ſooner placed themſelves about the table, 'but they began to ſtare upon one another, not being able

* Democritus. † Duke of Buckingham.

'to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all.

'It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as either of the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to

‘ invent an art, and bring it to its utmoſt perfection; I ſhall here give you an account of an honeſt gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himſelf aſſumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inſerting ſeveral redundant phraſes in their diſcourſe, as *d'ye hear me, d'ye ſee, that is, and ſo Sir*. Each of the gueſts, making frequent uſe of his particular elegance, appeared ſo ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himſelf as appearing equally ridiculous to the reſt of the company: by this means, before they had ſat long together, every one talking with the greateſt circumſpection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the converſation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of ſenſe, though leſs of ſound in it.

‘ The ſame well-meaning gentleman took occaſion, at another time, to bring together ſuch of his friends as were addicted to a fooliſh habitual cuſtom of ſwearing. In order to ſhew them the abſurdity of the practice, he had recourſe to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an *amanuenſis* in a private part of the room. After the ſecond bottle, when men open their minds without reſerve, my honeſt friend began to take notice of the many ſonorous but unneceſſary words, that had paſſed in his houſe ſince their ſitting down at table, and how much good converſation they had loſt by giving way to ſuch ſuperfluous phraſes. What a tax, ſays he, would they have raiſed for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another? Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them, that knowing their converſation would have no ſecrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and, for the humour-ſake, would read it to them, if they pleaſed. There were ten ſheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been thoſe abominable interpolations I have before-mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In ſhort, every one trembled at himſelf upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidſt the heat and inadvertency of diſcourſe.

'I ſhall only mention another occaſion wherein he 'made uſe of the ſame invention to cure a different kind of 'men, who are the peſts of all polite converſation, and 'murder time as much as either of the two former, though 'they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation 'of ſtory-tellers. My friend got together about half a 'dozen of his acquaintance who were infected with this 'ſtrange malady. The firſt day, one of them ſitting down 'entered upon the ſiege of Namur, which laſted till four 'o'clock, their time of parting. The ſecond day a North-'Briton took poſſeſſion of the diſcourſe, which it was im-'poſſible to get out of his hands ſo long as the company 'ſtaid together. The third day was engroſſed after the 'ſame manner by a ſtory of the ſame length. They at 'laſt began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating 'one another, and by this means awakened out of that le-'thargy with which each of them had been ſeized for ſeve-'ral years.

'As you have ſomewhere declared, that extraordinary 'and uncommon characters of mankind are the game 'which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the 'greateſt ſportſman, or, if you pleaſe, the Nimrod among 'this ſpecies of writers, I thought this diſcovery would 'not be unacceptable to you. I am,

I 'Sir, &c.'

No 372. WEDNESDAY, May 7.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.

OVID. Metam. 1. v. 758.

To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe;
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *May* 6. 1712.

'I AM ſexton of the pariſh of Covent-Garden, and 'complained to you ſome time ago, that, as I was 'tolling in to prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of 'people of quality haſtened to aſſemble at a puppet-'ſhow on the other ſide of the garden. I had at the 'ſame time a very great diſeſteem for Mr. Powell and

'his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had en-'ticed the gentry into those wanderings: but, let that be 'as it will, I am now convinced of the honest intentions 'of the said Mr. Powell and company; and send this to 'acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall 'arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor 'charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, 'Sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or 'act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and 'wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their 'gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor 'in the neighbourhood: by this means they make diver-'sion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I 'have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Ro-'man Catholic countries, the persons of condition admi-'nistered to the necessities of the poor, and attended the 'beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our Protestant la-'dies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways 'of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for 'knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is 'so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, 'who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think 'of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least 'fine for their sins, and give something to these poor chil-'dren; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would 'atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest 'of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if 'the ladies, who haunt the cloisters and passages of the 'play-house, were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to 'this excellent institution of schools of charity: this me-'thod would make offenders themselves do service to the 'public. But, in the mean time, I desire you would pub-'lish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our 'parish for the noise he has made in it by the constant 'rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and 'battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with High-'land dances, are to make up the entertainment of all 'who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light enter-'tainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good 'action. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RALPH BELLFRY.'

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations 'which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the 'Bath are false and groundless.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY employment, which is that of a broker, lead-'ing me often into taverns about the Exchange, 'has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, 'which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In 'three or four of these taverns, I have, at different 'times, taken notice of a precise set of people with grave 'countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark cam-'blet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-'bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern suc-'cessively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having 'often met with their faces, and observed a certain slink-'ing way in their dropping in one after another, I had 'the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the 'rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity 'of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they 'are a knot of parish-clerks, who have taken a fancy to 'one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality 'over their half-pints. I have so great a value and vene-'ration for any who have but even an assenting *Amen* in 'the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these per-'sons should incur some scandal by this practice; and 'would therefore have them, without raillery, advise to 'send the florence and pullets home to their own houses, 'and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the 'poor. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 6.

'I WAS last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, 'among a set of men who call themselves the Law-'yers Club. You must know, Sir, this club consists only 'of attornies; and at this meeting every one proposes 'the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which 'each member gives his judgment according to the ex-'perience he has met with. If it happens that any one 'puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is 'noted down by their clerk Will Goosequill, (who regi-

'ſter all their proceedings) that one of them may go the next day with it to a council. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cauſe, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in ſhort, their arguments upon the ſeveral ways of abuſing their clients, with the applauſe that is given to him who has done it moſt artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are ſo conſcious that their diſcourſes ought to be kept ſecret, that they are very cautious of admitting any perſon who is not of their profeſſion. When any who are not of the law are let in, the perſon who introduces him, ſays, he is a very honeſt gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay coſts. I am admitted upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as *a very honeſt good-natured fellow*, that will never be in a plot, and only deſires to drink his bottle and ſmoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon ſeveral ſorts of clubs; and, as the tendency of this is only to increaſe fraud and deceit, I hope you will pleaſe to take notice of it. 'I am (with reſpect)

'Your humble ſervant,

'H. R.'

T

No 373. THURSDAY, May 8.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Fallit enim vitium ſpecie virtutis et umbrâ.

JUV. Sat. 14. v. 109.

Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair diſguiſe,
And in her borrow'd form eſcapes inquiring eyes.

MR. LOCKE, in his treatiſe of human underſtanding, has ſpent two chapters upon the abuſe of words. The firſt and moſt palpable abuſe of words, he ſays, is, when they are uſed without clear and diſtinct ideas: the ſecond, when we are ſo inconſtant and unſteady in the application of them, that we ſometimes uſe them to ſignify one idea, ſometimes another. He adds, that the reſult of our contemplations and reaſonings, while we have no pre-

cise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. *A definition*, says he, *is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.* He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since, upon the fore-mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.*

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than those two, *modesty* and *assurance*. To say such an one is a *modest man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, *a man of assurance*, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of *modesty* from being confounded with that of *sheepishness*, and to hinder *impudence* from passing for *assurance*.

If I was put to define *modesty*, I would call it, *The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.*

For this reason, a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at

this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take *assurance* to be *the faculty of possessing a man's self*, or *of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.* That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but, above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say *a modest assurance;* by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or the most indecent actions.

Such a perſon ſeems to have made a reſolution to do ill even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe checks and reſtraints his temper and complexion ſeem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this maxim, That the practice of *Virtue* is the moſt proper method to give a man a becoming aſſurance in his words and actions. *Guilt* always ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the extremes, and is ſometimes attended with both. L

No 374. FRIDAY, May 9.

By STEELE.

Nil actum reputans, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.
Luc. lib. 2. v. 657.

He reckons not the paſt, while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procraſtination: as we loſe the preſent hour, by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately; ſo moſt of us take occaſion to ſit ſtill and through away the time in our poſſeſſion, by retroſpect on what is paſt, imagining we have already acquitted ourſelves, and eſtabliſhed our characters in the ſight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourſelves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourſelves in order to aſſiſt our future conduct, that will give us an over-weaning opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our preſent induſtry. The great rule, methinks, ſhould be to manage the inſtant in which we ſtand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to mens reſpective circumſtances. If our paſt actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own ſevere reflections ſo effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiſe-worthy, the memory of them is of no uſe but to act ſuitably to them. Thus a good preſent behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miſcarriage in what is paſt; but preſent ſlackneſs will not make

up for paſt activity. Time has ſwallowed up all that we contemporaries did yeſterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians; but we are again awake; and what ſhall we do to-day, to-day which paſſes while we are yet ſpeaking? Shall we remember the folly of laſt night, or reſolve upon the exerciſe of virtue to-morrow? Laſt night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive: this inſtant make uſe of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? do it immediately. Can you viſit a ſick friend? Will it revive him to ſee you enter, and ſuſpend your own eaſe and pleaſure to comfort his weakneſs, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain? Don't ſtay to take coach, but be gone. Your miſtreſs will bring ſorrow, and your bottle madneſs: go to neither——Such virtues and diverſions as theſe are mentioned, becauſe they occur to all men. But every man is ſufficiently convinced, that to ſuſpend the uſe of the preſent moment, and reſolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly: what I attempted to conſider was, the miſchief of ſetting ſuch a value upon what is paſt, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the higheſt dignity till yeſterday, and begin to live only to himſelf to-day, he muſt expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be conſidered as the man who died yeſterday. The man who diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt, ſtands in a preſs of people; thoſe before him intercept his progreſs, and thoſe behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæſar, of whom it was ſaid, *that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greateſt exploits, without aſſuming to himſelf a privilege of taking reſt upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what ſcenes he paſſed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in caſe they ſhould be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing which was paſt. I ſhall produce two fragments of his, to demonſtrate that it was his rule of life to ſupport himſelf rather by what he ſhould perform than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the ſame year in which he obtained the battle of Pharſalia, there were

found these loose notes for his own conduct: it is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory, otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me; I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interest. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinus is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune; let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But, though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow: it will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling: it is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, now shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree,

'but to meet it. I have lived to a fullneſs of days and of 'glory: what is there that Cæſar has not done with as 'much honour as ancient heroes? Cæſar has not yet di- 'ed; Cæſar is prepared to die.' T

No 375. SATURDAY, May 10.

By MR. HUGHES.*

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet.

HOR. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 45.

We barbarouſly call them bleſt
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
While ſwelling coffers break their owners reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire man:
Who ſpend their treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n:
Who, in a fix'd unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate:
Who poiſon leſs than falſehood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear. STEPNEY.

I HAVE more than once had occaſion to mention a noble ſaying of Seneca the philoſopher, that a virtuous perſon ſtruggling with misfortunes, and riſing above them, is an object on which the gods themſelves may look down with delight. I ſhall, therefore, ſet before my reader a ſcene of this kind of diſtreſs, in private life, for the ſpeculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chuſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances, than ſolicit his friends,

in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and virtue, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, while her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of chearfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expenſe, their eldeſt daughter (whom I ſhall call Amanda) was ſent into the country to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant of the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports, fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted a hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon Amanda's virtue, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never ſuſpected his intentions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and, having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped, by ſo advantageous a match, ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſhed relations. One day, as he called to ſee her, he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who, with ſome difficulty, found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs Amanda's confuſion, when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted of all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but, ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance, locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter:

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offred
'your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, to ſettle
'on her four hundred pounds a-year, and to lay down the
'ſum for which you are now diſtreſſed. I will be ſo in-
'genuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but
'if you are wiſe you will uſe your authority with her not to
'be too nice, when ſhe has an opportunity of ſaving you
'and your family, and of making herſelf happy.

'I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; ſhe opened and read it with the greateſt ſurpriſe and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herſelf to the meſſenger, but, deſiring him to call again the next morning, ſhe wrote to her daughter as follows:

'Deareſt Child,

'YOUR father and I have juſt now received a
'letter from a gentleman who pretends love to
'you, with a propoſal that inſults our misfortunes, and
'would throw us to a lower degree of miſery than any
'thing which is come upon us. How could this barba-
'rous man think that the tendereſt of parents would be
'tempted to ſupply their want by giving up the beſt of
'children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel ar-
'tifice to make this propoſal at a time when he thinks our
'neceſſities muſt compel us to any thing; but we will not
'eat the bread of ſhame; and therefore we charge thee
'not to think of us, but to avoid the ſnare which is laid
'for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not ſo bad
'as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be
'well, and I ſhall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I was
'moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going on,
'I was ſtartled by the noiſe of one that knocked at the
'door, and hath brought us an unexpected ſupply of a
'debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell
'thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt without
'ſupport, having conveyed what little money I could
'raiſe to your poor father—Thou wilt weep to think
'where he is, yet be aſſured he will ſoon be at liberty.

'That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have 'concealed it from him. I have no companion at pre-'sent, besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks 'as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says she is 'sure you are not well, having discovered that my present 'trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus re-'peat my sorrows to grieve thee: no, it is to intreat thee 'not to make them insupportable, by adding what would 'be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an affliction 'which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember 'there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than 'by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear 'child,

'Thy affectionate Mother——'

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon conditions that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

'MADAM,

'I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if 'I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It 'was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted;

'nor could any thing, but my being a ſtranger to you, have 'betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I ſhall en- 'deavour to make you amends as a ſon. You cannot be 'unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor ſhall be, 'if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of, 'Madam,

'Your moſt obedient,

'humble ſervant,——'

This letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf, to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of having reſtored a worthy family to their former proſperity, and of making himſelf happy by an alliance to their virtues.

No 376. MONDAY, May 12.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

——————*Pavone ex Pythagoreo*

PERS. Sat. 6. v. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE obſerved that the officer you ſome time ago 'appointed as inſpector of ſigns has not yet done his 'duty ſo well, as to give you an account of very many 'ſtrange occurrences in the public ſtreets which are wor- 'thy of, but have eſcaped your notice. Among all the 'oddneſſes which I have ever met with, that which I am 'now telling you of gave me moſt delight. You muſt 'have obſerved that all the criers in the ſtreet attract the 'attention of the paſſengers, and of the inhabitants in the 'ſeveral parts, by ſomething very particular in their tone 'itſelf, in the dwelling upon a note, or elſe making them- 'ſelves wholly unintelligible by a ſcream. The perſon

'I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very 'gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other 'merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signify-'ing to them that he wants a subsidy. You must, sure, 'have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the 'city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the 'Tower, performing the office of a *day-watchman* fol-'lowed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and 'confirms what he says, with a quack, quack. I gave 'little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, 'till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a 'decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then 'was bawling out, Half an hour after one o'clock, and 'immediately a dirty goose behind him made her response, 'Quack, quack. I could not forbear attending this grave 'procession for the length of half a street, with no small 'amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquaint-'ed with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving 'them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of 'time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full 'of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told 'them how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor 'and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and 'interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me 'the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather 'by the good parts of the goose, than of the leader; for 'it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a 'watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of her-'self, by frequent hearing his tone, out of her natural vi-'gilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly 'from time to time. The watchman was so affected 'with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in part-'ner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. 'The town has come into it, and they live very comforta-'bly. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who 'are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of 'instinct and reason; your speculation may turn very natu-'rally upon the force the superior part of mankind may 'have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may 'be very near the standard of geese. And you may add 'to this practical observation, how in all ages and times 'the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable

'things, which one would think would paſs upon no crea-
'ture which had reaſon; and, under the ſymbol of this
'gooſe, you may enter into the manner and method of
'leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick
'and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.
'All which is humbly ſubmitted to your Spectatorial
'wiſdom by, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'MICHAEL GANDER.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for ſeveral years had under my care the go-
'vernment and education of young ladies, which truſt
'I have endeavoured to diſcharge with due regard to their
'ſeveral capacities and fortunes: I have left nothing un-
'done to imprint in every one of them an humble courte-
'ous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien,
'and have made them pretty much acquainted with the
'houſehold part of family affairs; but ſtill I find there is
'ſomething very much wanting in the air of my ladies, dif-
'ferent from what I obſerve in thoſe that are eſteemed
'your fine bred women. Now, Sir, I muſt own to you,
'I never ſuffered my girls to learn to dance; but ſince I
'have read your diſcourſe of dancing, where you have de-
'ſcribed the beauty and ſpirit there is in regular motion, I
'own myſelf your convert, and reſolve for the future to
'give my young ladies that accompliſhment. But, upon
'imparting my deſign to their parents, I have been made
'very uneaſy for ſome time, becauſe ſeveral of them have
'declared, that if I did not make uſe of the maſter they
'recommended, they would take away their children.
'There was Colonel Jumper's lady, a Colonel of the
'train-bands, that has a great intereſt in her pariſh; ſhe
'recommends Mr. Trott (No 296) for the prettieſt maſter
'in town, that no man teaches a jig like him, that ſhe has
'ſeen him riſe ſix or ſeven capers together with the great-
'eſt eaſe imaginable, and that his ſcholars twiſt themſelves
'more ways than the ſcholars of any maſter in town:
'beſides, there is madam Prim, an alderman's lady, re-
'commends a maſter of her own name, but ſhe declares
'he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man

'in his way; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, 'he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in 'presenting their snuff-box, to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and 'how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat 'or lean, long or oval faces: for my lady says there is more 'in these things than the world imagines. But I must 'confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave 'it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed 'direction, you would send your correspondent who has 'writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper ap'plication this way can give innocence new charms, and 'make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no 'charge to make my scholars in their very features and 'limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other 'parts of their education. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

T 'RACHEL WATCHFUL.'

No 377. TUESDAY, May 13.

By ADDISON.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas——

HOR. Od. 13. l. 2. v. 13.

What each should fly, is seldom known;
We, unprovided, are undone. CREECH.

LOVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness have given birth to a phrase which is made use of

by all the melting tribe, from the higheſt to the loweſt, I mean that of *dying for love.*

Romances, which owe their very being to this paſſion, are full of theſe metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, 'ſquires and damſels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the ſame kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gaſps faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the poets, to deſcribe the execution which is done by this paſſion, repreſent the fair ſex as *baſiliſks* that deſtroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has, with greater juſtneſs of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a *porcupine*, that ſends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way ſo effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting on the motives that produce it. When the paſſion proceeds from the ſenſe of any virtue or perfection in the perſon beloved, I would by no means diſcourage it: but, if a man conſiders that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths ariſe from ſome little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himſelf the cauſe of his diſtemper may be ſufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the ſeveral bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and compoſed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I ſhall lay before my reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be uſeful to him in diſcovering thoſe ſeveral places where there is moſt danger, and thoſe fatal arts which are made uſe of to deſtroy the heedleſs and unwary.

Lysander, ſlain at a puppet-ſhow on the third of September.

Thyrſis, ſhot from a caſement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's ſcarlet-ſtocking, as ſhe was ſtepping out of a coach.

Will Simple, ſmitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who ſtood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, loſt his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left ſhoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking careleſsly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the play-houſe in Drury-Lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as ſhe was adjuſting her tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Eſq; hit by a random ſhot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1ſt.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off, upon the ſide of the front-box in Drury-Lane.

Sir Chriſtopher Crazy, Bart. hurt by the bruſh of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, ſhot through the ſticks of a fan at St James's church.

Damon, ſtruck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Truſty, Francis Gooſequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Eſqrs. ſtanding in a row, fell all four at the ſame time, by an ogle of the Widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the play-houſe, ſhe turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the ſpot.

Dick Taſtewell, ſlain by a bluſh from the Queen's box, in the third act of the *Trip to the Jubilee.*

Samuel Felt, haberdaſher, wounded in his walk to Iſlington by Mrs. Suſannah Croſsſtitch, as ſhe was clambering over a ſtile.

R. F. T. W. S. I. M. P. &c. put to death in the laſt birth-day maſſacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-firſt year of his age by a white waſh.

Muſidorus, ſlain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, preſenting Flavia with her glove (which ſhe had dropped on purpoſe) ſhe received it, and took away his life with a curteſy.

John Goſſelin having received a ſlight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his eſcape, was diſpatched by a ſmile.

Strephon, killed by Clarinda, as ſhe looked down into he pit.

Charles Careleſs, ſhot flying by a girl of fifteen, who

unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove, murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq; of the Middle-Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the sixth instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice. I

No 378. WEDNESDAY, May 14.

Communicated by Mr. POPE.

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
VIRG. Ecl. 4. v. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move. DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine, in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, composed of several passages of ISAIAH the Prophet.

Written in imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies. [a]
Th' ætherial ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, [b]
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid, [c]
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale; [d]
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring: [e]
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies?
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert chears! [f]
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be ſmooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold! [g]
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day. [h]
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

a Iſaiah, chap. xi. 1.
b Chap. xlv. 8.
c Chap. xxv. 4.
d Chap. ix. 7.
e Chap. xxxv. 2.
f Chap. xl. 3, 4.
g Chap. xlii. 18.
h Chap. xxxv. 5, 6.

No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound, a
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care, b
Seeks freſheſt paſtures and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand and in his boſom warms:
Mankind ſhall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age. c
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe, d
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad fulchion in a plough-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon e
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun:
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe f
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On clifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn, g
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead, h
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

a Chap. xxv. 8.
b Chap. xl. 11.
c Chap. ix. 6.
d Chap. ii. 4.
e Chap. lxv. 21, 22.
f Chap. xxxv. 1, 7.
g Chap. xli. 19. and ch. lv. 13.
h Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The crested baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting ſhall play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem riſe! a
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn; b
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend, c
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings! d
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn, e
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the *Light Himſelf* ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay, f
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd *His* word, *His* ſaving power remains,
Thy *realm* for ever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns.

a Chap. lx. 1.
b Chap. lx. 4.
c Chap. lx. 3.
d Chap. lx. 6.
e Chap. lx. 19, 20.
f Chap. li. 6. and ch. 54. v. 10.

No 379. THURSDAY, May 15.

By Mr. E. BUDGELL.

Scire tuum nihil eſt niſi ſcire hoc ſciat alter.
PERS. Sat. I. v. 27.

——Science is not ſcience till reveal'd. DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured poſition which has been ſometimes maintained in the ſchools, and is compriſed in an old Latin verſe, namely, that 'A 'man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates 'what he knows to any one beſides.' There is certainly no more ſenſible pleaſure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, ſince it is almoſt impoſſible it ſhould be exerciſed without the improvement of the perſon who practiſes it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furniſhing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to deſire to ſee ſuch our thoughts put into the dreſs of words, without which indeed we can ſcarce have a clear and diſtinct idea of them ourſelves: when they are thus clothed in expreſſions, nothing ſo truly ſhews us whether they are juſt or falſe as thoſe effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myſelf, that, in the courſe of theſe my ſpeculations, I have treated of ſeveral ſubjects, and laid down many ſuch rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at leaſt thoſe few who were acquainted with them looked upon as ſo many ſecrets they had found out for the conduct of themſelves, but were reſolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion, from my having received ſeveral letters, wherein I am cenſured for having proſtituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correſpondents phraſes it, a

common ſtrumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *arcana*, or ſecrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow ſpirit which appears in the letters of theſe my correſpondents is the leſs ſurpriſing, as it has ſhewn itſelf in all ages: there is ſtill extant an epiſtle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Ariſtotle, upon that philoſopher's publiſhing ſome part of his writings, in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the world thoſe ſecrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, 'That 'he had rather excel the reſt of mankind in knowledge 'than in power.'

Louiſa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and Counteſs of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publiſhing his treatiſe of the Diſcreto; wherein ſhe fancied that he had laid open thoſe maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reſerved for the knowledge of the great.

Theſe objections are thought by many of ſo much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors, by affirming they have affected ſuch an obſcurity in their ſtyle and manner of writing, that, though one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Perſius, the Latin ſatiriſt, affected obſcurity for another reaſon: with which however Mr. Cowley is ſo offended, that, writing to one of his friends, You, ſays he, tell me, that you do not know whether Perſius be a good poet or no, becauſe you cannot underſtand him; for which very reaſon I affirm that he is not ſo.

However, this art of *writing unintelligibly* has been very much improved, and followed by ſeveral of the moderns, who obſerving the general inclination of mankind to dive into a ſecret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obſcure terms and phraſes, reſolve, that they may be ſtill more abſtruſe, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at preſent practiſed by many eminent authors, conſiſts in throwing ſo many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find out the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made uſe of hieroglyphics to ſignify ſeveral things, expreſſed a man who confined his knowledge and diſcoveries altogether within himſelf by the figure of a dark-lanthorn cloſed on all ſides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to ſuch as ſtood by it. For my own part, as I ſhall from time to time communicate to the public whatever diſcoveries I happen to make, I ſhould much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which conſumes and waſtes itſelf for the benefit of every paſſenger.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the ſtory of Roſicrucius's ſepulchre. I ſuppoſe I need not inform my readers that this man was the founder of the Roſicrucian ſect, and that his diſciples ſtill pretend to new diſcoveries, which they are never to communicate to the reſt of mankind.

A certain perſon, having occaſion to dig ſomewhat deep in the ground where this philoſopher lay interred, met with a ſmall door having a wall on each ſide of it. His curioſity, and the hopes of finding ſome hidden treaſure, ſoon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately ſurpriſed by a ſudden blaze of light, and diſcovered a very fair vault: at the upper end of it was a ſtatue of a man in armour ſitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm: he held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no ſooner ſet one foot within the vault, than the ſtatue erecting itſelf from its leaning poſture, ſtood bolt upright, and, upon the fellow's advancing another ſtep, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man ſtill ventured a third ſtep, when the ſtatue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thouſand pieces, and left his gueſt in a ſudden darkneſs.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people ſoon came with lights to the ſepulchre, and diſcovered that the ſtatue, which was made of braſs, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all looſe, and underlaid with ſeveral ſprings, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

Roſicrucius, ſay his diſciples, made uſe of this method, to ſhew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was reſolved no one ſhould reap any advantage from the diſcovery. X.

No 380. FRIDAY, May 16.

By STEELE. From the Letter-box.

Rivalem patienter habe——

OVID. Ars. Am. l. 2. v. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

'SIR, *Thursday, May* 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the 'ladies philosopher, and the pretty advice I have 'seen you give to others in your papers, makes me ad-'dress myself to you in this abrupt manner, and do de-'sire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a 'lover. I have had lately a gentleman that I thought 'made pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my 'friends took notice of it, and thought we were really 'married, in which I did not take much pains to unde-'ceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my 'particular acquaintance who was then in the country. 'She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, 'gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning 'it: I ingenuously told her we were not married; but I 'did not know what might be the event. She soon got 'acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take 'upon her to examine him about it. Now, whether a 'new face had made a greater conquest than the old, I'll 'leave you to judge; but I am informed that he utterly 'denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed 'a sincere friendship for me; but whether marriages are 'proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire 'to know, and what I may really call a lover. There 'are so many who talk in a language fit only for that 'character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in 'direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distin-'guish between courtship and conversation. I hope you 'will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend,

'if they provoke me further: in the mean time, I carry it 'with ſo equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the ſwain 'too are mightily at a loſs; each believes I, who know them 'both well, think myſelf revenged in their love to one ano- 'ther, which creates an irreconcileable jealouſy. If all 'comes right again, you ſhall hear further from, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

'MIRTILLA.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *April* 28, 1712.

'YOUR obſervations on perſons that have behaved 'themſelves irreverently at church, I doubt not 'have had a good effect on ſome that have read them: 'but there is another fault which has hitherto eſcaped 'your notice, I mean of ſuch perſons as are very zealous 'and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only pre- 'paratory to the ſervice of the church, and yet neglect 'to join in the ſervice itſelf. There is an inſtance of this 'in a friend of *Will Honeycomb's*, who ſits oppoſite to me: 'he ſeldom comes in till the prayers are about half over, 'and when he has entered his ſeat (inſtead of joining with 'the congregation), he devoutly holds his hat before his 'face for three or four moments, then bows to all his 'acquaintance, ſits down, takes a pinch of ſnuff, (if it be 'evening ſervice, perhaps a nap) and ſpends the remaining 'time in ſurveying the congregation. Now, Sir, what 'I would deſire is, that you will animadvert a little on this 'gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's 'devotion, cap-in-hand, is only a compliance to the cuſtom 'of the place, and goes no further than a little eccleſiaſti- 'cal good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us 'the motives that bring ſuch triflers to ſolemn aſſemblies, 'yet let me deſire that you will give this letter a place in 'your paper, and I ſhall remain, Sir,

'Your obliged humble ſervant,

'J. S.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 5.

'THE converſation at a club, of which I am a mem- 'ber, laſt night falling upon vanity and the deſire

'of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agree'ably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by 'a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and 'the best furnished milk-pail I had ever observed. I was 'glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a 'coquette in low life, and how she received the extraor'dinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had 'affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as 'it does the feature of a first-rate toast at a play, or in an 'assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn 'upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general 'resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as ex'quisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not 'be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, 'and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recom'mended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your 'readers, among the rest

'Your most humble servant,

'T. B.'

'SIR,

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far 'from the Exchange with my basket under my 'arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, 'takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time 'slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a courtesy 'and went my way: he followed me, and finding I was 'going about my business, he came up with me, and told 'me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other 'intent but to purchase my person for an hour. Did you 'so, Sir? says I: you gave it me then to make me be 'wicked; I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not 'to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it 'out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake. 'I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks 'how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; 'but to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over 'again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell it once 'for all, and you will extremely oblige

'Your humble servant,

May 2, 1712. 'BETTY LEMON.'

'SIR, *St. Brides, May 15, 1712.*

'IT is a great deal of pleaſure to me, and I dare ſay ' will be no leſs ſatisfaction to you, that I have an ' opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and ' others of the pariſh of St. Brides have raiſed a charity- ' ſchool of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were ' ſo kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world, ' and the other ſex hope you will do them the ſame fa- ' vour in Friday's *Spectator* for Sunday next, when they ' are to appear with their humble airs at the pariſh church ' of St. Brides. Sir, the mention of this may poſſibly be ' ſerviceable to the children; and ſure no one will omit a ' good action attended with no expence. I am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

T 'The SEXTON.'

No 381. SATURDAY, May 17.

By ADDISON.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non ſecùs in bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli. HOR. Od. 3. l. 2. v. 1.

Be calm my Delius, and ſerene,
However fortune change the ſcene:
In thy moſt dejected ſtate,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce, unruly joy
The ſettl'd quiet of thy mind deſtroy. ANON.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it

does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon who was the great pattern of perfection was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befall him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it.

the heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations: it is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of a Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever titles it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen and cavil: it is indeed no wonder that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who

is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils: a good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it

of him, and whofe unchangeablenefs will fecure us in this happinefs to all eternity.

Such confiderations, which every one fhould perpetually cherifh in his thoughts, will banifh from us all that fecret heavinefs of heart which unthinking men are fubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguifh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreffes us, to which I may likewife add thofe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than fupport it; and eftablifh in us fuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleafing to ourfelves, to thofe with whom we converfe, and to him whom we were made to pleafe. (Continued, Nos 387, 393.) I

No 382. MONDAY, May 19.

By STEELE.

Habes confitentem reum. TULL.

The accufed confeffes his guilt.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a requeft of one of my correfpondents fo long as I have; but I dare fay I have given him time to add practice to profeffion. He fent me fome time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a gentleman who had by the penny poft advertifed him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correfpondent received the obligation from an unknown hand, with the candour which is natural to an ingenuous mind; and promifes a contrary behaviour in that point for the future, he will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgment of a fault: all fuch mifcarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reafon, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that fays, he did not defign to difoblige you in fuch an action, does as much as if he fhould tell you, that tho' the circumftance which difpleafed was never in his thoughts,

he has that respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different: but, in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken, and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest grace on each side. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A Dauphin of France, upon a review of the army, and a command of the King to alter the posture of it, by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last orders, which were to move a contrary way. The Prince, instead of taking the admonition, which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shaked a cane at the officer; and with the return of opprobrious language persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his son on foot to lay his right hand on the gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the Prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth, and kissed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleasures or sufferings of souls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was designed this soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, 'This is a trespass: you'll pardon my confidence: I am sensible I have no pretensions to this favour,' and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves

ſuch, and exulting in it. But this ſort of carriage which prompts a man againſt rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you ſue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourſelf to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modeſty ought, in defence of thoſe qualities, to oppoſe you: but without conſidering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural conſequence of candour when we ſpeak of ourſelves.

The *Spectator* writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a ſublime ſtyle, with equal ſucceſs; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own, that of the moſt beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publiſher? There is nothing but what a man really performs, can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loſes in the conviction of his own heart, and a man muſt looſe his conſciouſneſs, that is, his very ſelf, before he can rejoice in any falſehood without inward mortification.

Who has not ſeen a very criminal at the bar, when his council and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole aſſembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his caſe to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wiſhed convicted, became ſo out of his own mouth, and took upon himſelf all the ſhame and ſorrow we were juſt before preparing for him? The great oppoſition to this kind of candour, ariſes from the unjuſt idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high ſpirit. It is far from greatneſs of ſpirit to perſiſt in the wrong in any thing, nor is it a diminution of greatneſs of ſpirit to have been in the wrong: perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgement of an imperfection: but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great ſpirits on worthy occaſions, by obſtinacy in the wrong. This obſtinacy prevails ſo far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very ſervants. It would ſwell this paper to too great a length, ſhould I inſert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in ſome caſes both, is ſenſible of

being on the faulty ſide, and have not ſpirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the caſe is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high ſpirit, to throw away from it all which itſelf diſapproves, and to ſcorn ſo pitiful a ſhame, as that which diſables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and ſentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and diſcarding its faults, has reaſon and truth for the foundation of all its paſſions and deſires and conſequently is happy and ſimple; the diſingenuous ſpirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is intangled with an after-life of guilt, ſorrow, and perplexity.

T

No 383. TUESDAY, May 20.

By ADDISON.

Criminibus debent hortos—— HOR. Sat. i. v. 75.

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

AS I was ſitting in my chamber, and thinking on a ſubject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful voice inquiring whether the philoſopher was at home. The child who went to the door anſwered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir *Roger's* voice, and that I had promiſed to go with him on the water to Spring-Garden, in caſe it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promiſe from the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, but told me, that if I was ſpeculating he would ſtay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herſelf, who is a notable prating goſſip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleaſed with his ſtroaking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no ſooner come to the Temple ſtairs, but

we were ſurrounded by a crowd of watermen, offering us their reſpective ſervices. Sir *Roger*, after having looked about him very attentively, ſpied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You muſt know, ſays 'Sir *Roger*, I never make uſe of any body to row me, 'that has not either loſt a leg or an arm. I would ra- 'ther 'bate him a few ſtrokes of his oar than not employ 'an honeſt man that has been wounded in the Queen's 'ſervice. If I was a Lord or a Biſhop, and kept a barge, 'I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a 'wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having ſeated himſelf, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very ſober man, always ſerves for ballaſt on theſe occaſions, we made the beſt of our way for Vauxhall. Sir *Roger* obliged the waterman to give us the hiſtory of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which paſſed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart, made ſeveral reflections on the greatneſs of the Britiſh nation; as, that one Engliſhman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery ſo long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the nobleſt river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the ſeven wonders of the world; with many other honeſt prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Engliſhman.

After ſome ſhort pauſe, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a ſurvey of this great metropolis, bid me obſerve how thick the city was ſet with churches, and that there was ſcarce a ſingle ſteeple on this ſide Temple-Bar. 'A moſt heatheniſh ſight! ſays Sir '*Roger*: there is no religion at this end of the town. The 'fifty new churches will very much mend the proſpect; 'but church-work is ſlow, church-work is ſlow.'

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir *Roger*'s character, his cuſtom of ſaluting every body that paſſes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the ſame time it renders him ſo popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought

to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the ſhire. He cannot forbear this exerciſe of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to ſeveral boats that paſſed by us upon the water; but, to the Knight's great ſurpriſe, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, inſtead of returning the civility, aſked us, what queer old Put we had in the boat, and whether he was not aſhamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir *Roger* ſeemed a little ſhocked at firſt, but at length aſſuming a face of magiſtracy, told us, 'That if he were a Middleſex Juſtice, he would 'make ſuch vagrants know that her Majeſty's ſubjects 'were no more to be abuſed by water than by land.'

We were now arrived at Spring-Garden, which is exquiſitely pleaſant at this time of the year. When I conſidered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that ſung upon the trees, and the looſe tribe of people that walked under their ſhades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradiſe. Sir *Roger* told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his houſe in the country, which his chaplain uſed to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You muſt underſtand, ſays the 'Knight, there is nothing in the world that pleaſes a man 'in love ſo much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. *Spectator!* the many moon-light nights that I have walked by 'myſelf, and thought on the widow by the muſic of the 'nightingale! He here fetched a deep ſigh, and was falling into a fit of muſing, when a maſk, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the ſhoulder, and aſked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight being ſtartled at ſo unexpected a familiarity, and diſpleaſed to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, *She was a wanton baggage*, and bid her go about her buſineſs.

We concluded our walk with a glaſs of Burton ale, and a ſlice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourſelves, the Knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow ſtared upon him at the oddneſs of the

meſſage, and was going to be ſaucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himſelf obliged, as a member of the *quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the miſtreſs of the houſe, who ſat at the bar, that he ſhould be a better cuſtomer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer ſtrumpets.

I

No 384. WEDNESDAY, May 21.

By STEELE.

Hague, May 24. N. S. 'The ſame republican hands, who 'have ſo often ſince the Chevalier de St. George's recovery, killed him in our public prints, have now reduced 'the young Dauphin of France to that deſperate condition of weakneſs, and death itſelf, that it is hard to 'conjecture what method they will take to bring him to 'life again. Mean time we are aſſured by a very good 'hand from Paris, that on the 20th inſtant, this young 'prince was as well as ever he was known to be ſince 'the day of his birth. As for the other, they are now 'ſending his ghoſt, we ſuppoſe, (for they never had the 'modeſty to contradict their aſſertions of his death) to 'Commerci in Lorrain, attended only by four gentlemen, and a few domeſtics of little conſideration.— "The Baron de Bothmar having delivered in his credentials to qualify him as an ambaſſador to this ſtate, "(an *office* to which his greateſt enemies will acknowledge him to be equal) is gone to Utretcht, whence "he will proceed to Hanover, but not ſtay long at that "court, for fear the peace ſhould be made during his "*lamented* abſence." *Poſt-Boy, May* 20.

I SHOULD be thought not able to read, ſhould I overlook ſome excellent pieces lately come out. My Lord Biſhop of St. Aſaph has juſt now publiſhed ſome ſermons, the preface to which ſeems to me to determine a great point. He has, like a good man, and a good Chriſtian, in oppoſition to all the flattery and baſe ſubmiſſion of falſe

friends to princes, asserted, that Christianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The present entertainment shall consist only of a sentence out of the Post-Boy, and the said preface of the Lord of St. Asaph. I should think it a little odd, if the author of the Post-Boy should with impunity call men *republicans* for a gladness on report of the death of the Pretender; and treat Baron Bothmar, the minister of Hanover, in such a manner as you see in my *motto*. I must own, I think every man in England concerned to support the succession of that family (*a*).

'THE publishing a few sermons, whilst I live, the 'latest of which was preached about eight years 'since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very 'natural for people to inquire into the occasion of doing 'so; and to such I do very willingly assign these following 'reasons.

'First, From the observations I have been able to make, 'for these many years last past, upon our public affairs, 'and from the natural tendency of several principles and 'practices, that have been of late studiously revived, and 'from what has followed thereupon, I could not help 'both fearing and presaging that these nations would 'some time or other, if ever we should have an enter-'prising prince upon the throne, of more ambition than 'virtue, justice, and true honour, fall into the way of all 'other nations, and lose their *liberty*.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose charge a great 'deal of this dreadful mischief, whenever it should hap-'pen, would be laid, whether justly or unjustly, was not 'my business to determine; but I resolved for my own 'particular part, to deliver myself, as well as I could, 'from the reproaches and the curses of posterity, by pu-'blicly declaring to all the world, that although in the 'constant course of my ministry, I have never failed on 'proper occasions to recommend, urge, and insist upon 'the loving, honouring, and reverencing the prince's per-'son, and holding it according to the laws, inviolable and 'sacred; and paying all obedience and submission to the 'laws, though never so hard and inconvenient to private 'people: yet did I never think myself at liberty, or au-'thorised to tell the people, that either Christ, St. Peter

'or St. Paul, or any other holy writer, had by any doc-'trine delivered by them, ſubverted the *laws* and *conſti-'tutions* of the country in which they lived, or put them 'in a worſe condition, with reſpect to their civil liberties, 'than they would have been had they not been Chriſti-'ans. I ever thought it a moſt impious blaſphemy againſt 'that holy religion, to father any thing upon it that might 'encourage tyranny, oppreſſion, or injuſtice in a prince, 'or that eaſily tended to make a free and happy people '*ſlaves* and *miſerable*. No; people may make themſelves 'as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into 'that wicked party. When force and violence, and hard 'neceſſity have brought the yoke of ſervitude upon a 'people's neck; religion will ſupply them with a patient 'and ſubmiſſive ſpirit under it, till they can innocently 'ſhake it off; but certainly religion never puts it on.—'This always was, and this at preſent is, my judgment 'of theſe matters: and I would be tranſmitted to poſte-'rity (for the little ſhare of time ſuch names as mine can 'live) under the character of one who loved his country, 'and would be thought a *good* Engliſhman, as well as a '*good clergyman*.

'This character I thought would be tranſmitted by the 'following ſermons, which were made for, and preached, 'in a private audience, when I could think of nothing 'elſe but doing my duty on the occaſions that were then 'offered by God's providence, without any manner of 'deſign of making them public: and for that reaſon I 'give them now as they were then delivered; by which I 'hope to ſatisfy thoſe people who have objected a change 'of principles to me, as if I were not now the ſame man 'I formerly was. I never had but one opinion of theſe 'matters; and that I think is ſo reaſonable and well 'grounded, that I believe I never can have any other.

'Another reaſon for my publiſhing theſe ſermons at this 'time is, that I have a mind to do myſelf ſome honour, 'by doing what honour I could to the memory of two 'moſt excellent Princes, and who have very highly de-'ſerved at the hands of all the people of theſe domini-'ons, who have any true value for the *Proteſtant reli-'gion*, and the conſtitution of the Engliſh government, 'of which they were the great *deliverers* and *defenders*.

'I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely 'handled, and the great benefits they did this nation 'treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see 'our deliverance from *arbitrary power* and *Popery* tra-'duced, and vilified by some who formerly thought it 'was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast 'and glory, to have had a little hand and share in bring-'ing it about; and others, who, without it, must have 'lived in exile, poverty, and misery, meanly disclaim-'ing it, and using ill the *glorious instruments* thereof. 'Who could expect such a requital of such merit? I have, 'I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the 'number of *unthankful* people; and as I loved and ho-'noured those great princes living, and lamented over 'them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a mo-'nument of praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; 'and I chuse to do it at this time, when it is so un-'fashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

'The sermon that was preached upon the Duke of 'Gloucester's death was printed quickly after, and is 'now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the 'others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful 'Prince was, at that time, I saw unspeakably great; and 'many accidents have since convinced us, that it could 'not have been over-valued. That precious life, had it 'pleased God to have prolonged it the usual space, had 'saved us many fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, 'and prevented many alarms, that have long kept us, and 'will keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained 'to comfort and support us under this heavy stroke, but 'the necessity it brought the king and nation under, of set-'tling the *succession* in the house of HANOVER, and giving 'it an *hereditary right by act of parliament*, as long as it 'continues Protestant. So much good did God, in his 'merciful providence, produce from a misfortune, which 'we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored.

'The fourth sermon was preached upon the Queen's '*accession* to the throne, and the first year in which that 'day was solemnly observed, (for, by some accident or 'other, it had been overlooked the year before;) and 'every one will see, without the date of it, that it was 'preached very early in this reign, since I was able only

'to *promiſe* and *preſage* its future glories and ſucceſſes, 'from the good appearances of things, and the happy 'turn our affairs began to take; and could not then count 'up the victories and triumphs that for ſeven years after, 'made it, in the Prophet's language, *a name and a praiſe among all the people of the earth.* Never did ſeven ſuch 'years together paſs over the head of any Engliſh mo-'narch, nor cover it with ſo much honour: the crown 'and ſceptre ſeemed to be the Queen's leaſt ornaments; 'thoſe, other princes wore in common with her, and her 'great perſonal virtues were the ſame before and ſince; 'but ſuch was the fame of her adminiſtration of affairs at 'home, ſuch was the reputation of her wiſdom and feli-'city in chuſing miniſters, and ſuch was then eſteemed 'their faithfulneſs and zeal, their diligence and great abi-'lities in executing her commands; to ſuch a height of 'military glory did her great General and her *armies* 'carry the Britiſh name abroad: ſuch was the harmony 'and concord betwixt her and her *allies*, and ſuch was 'the bleſſing of God upon all her counſels and undertak-'ings, that I am as ſure as hiſtory can make me, no prince 'of ours was ever yet ſo proſperous and ſucceſsful, ſo be-'loved, eſteemed, and honoured, by their ſubjects and 'their friends, nor near ſo formidable to their enemies. 'We were, as all the world imagined then, juſt entering 'on the ways that promiſed to lead to ſuch a peace, as 'would have anſwered all the prayers of our religious 'Queen, the care and vigilance of a moſt able miniſtry, 'the payments of a willing and obedient people, as well 'as all the glorious toils and hazards of the ſoldiery; 'when God, for our ſins, permitted *the ſpirit of diſcord* 'to go forth, and, by troubling ſore the camp, the city, 'and the country, (and oh that it had altogether ſpared 'the places ſacred to his worſhip!) to ſpoil, for a time, 'this beautiful and pleaſing proſpect, and give us in its 'ſtead, I know not what——Our enemies will tell the 'reſt with pleaſure. It will become me better to pray 'to God to reſtore us to the power of obtaining ſuch a 'peace, as will be to his glory, the ſafety, honour, and 'welfare of the Queen, and her dominions, and the ge-'neral ſatisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.' T

May 2, 1712.

No 385. THURSDAY, May 22.

By Mr. L. BUDGELL.

——*Theseâ pectora juncta fide.*

OVID. Trist. l. 1. El. 3. v. 66.

Breasts that with sympathizing ardour glow'd,
And holy friendship, such as Theseus vow'd.

I INTEND the paper for this day as a loose essay upon *friendship*, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world (*a*).

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmths of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a

lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the firſt of theſe inſtances we may obſerve, for the reputation of the ſubject I am treating of, that Greece was almoſt ruined by the hero's love, but was preſerved by his friendſhip.

The character of Achates ſuggeſts to us an obſervation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuſe their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than thoſe of the head, and prefer fidelity in an eaſy inoffenſive complying temper to thoſe endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is repreſented as the firſt favourite, either gives his advice, or ſtrikes a blow, thro' the whole Æneid.

A friendſhip which makes the leaſt noiſe is very often moſt uſeful; for which reaſon I ſhould prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the beſt men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable inſtance of what I am here ſpeaking. This extraordinary perſon, amidſt the civil wars of his country, when he ſaw the deſigns of all parties equally tended to the ſubverſion of liberty, by conſtantly preſerving the eſteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to ſerve his friends on either ſide: and while he ſent money to young Marius, whoſe father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himſelf one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæſar and Pompey, he ſtill maintained the ſame conduct. After the death of Cæſar he ſent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thouſand good offices to Antony's wife and friends when that party ſeemed ruined. Laſtly, even in that bloody war between Antony and Auguſtus, Atticus ſtill kept his place in both their friendſhips; inſomuch, that the firſt, ſays Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was abſent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him conſtantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeneſs of inclinations in every particular is ſo far from being requiſite to form a benevolence in two minds

towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we ſhall find ſome of the firmeſt friendſhips to have been contracted between perſons of different humours; the mind being often pleaſed with thoſe perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accompliſhments. Beſides that a man in ſome meaſure ſupplies his own defects, and fancies himſelf at ſecond hand poſſeſſed of thoſe good qualities and endowments, which are in the poſſeſſion of him, who, in the eye of the world, is looked on as his *other ſelf*.

The moſt difficult province in friendſhip is the letting a man ſee his faults and errors, which ſhould, if poſſible, be ſo contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not ſo much to pleaſe ourſelves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend ſhould always be ſtrictly juſt, and not too frequent.

The violent deſire of pleaſing in the perſon reproved, may otherwiſe change into a deſpair of doing it, while he finds himſelf cenſured for faults he is not conſcious of. A mind that is ſoftened and humanized by friendſhip cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it muſt quite ſink under the oppreſſion, or abate conſiderably of the value and eſteem it had for him who beſtows them.

The proper buſineſs of friendſhip is to inſpire life and courage; and a ſoul thus ſupported outdoes itſelf; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of theſe ſuccours, it droops and languiſhes.

We are in ſome meaſure more inexcuſable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relation; ſince the former ariſe from a voluntary choice, the latter from a neceſſity to which we could not give our own conſent.

As it has been ſaid on one ſide, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expoſe the weakneſs of his choice; it will doubtleſs hold much ſtronger with reſpect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having loſt ſo valuable a treaſure which was once in his poſſeſſion. X

No 386. FRIDAY, May 23.

By STEELE.

Cum tristibus severè, cum remissis jucundè, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere.

TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Catiline, *who*, he said, *lived with the sad severely, with the chearful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly*; he added, *with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously*. The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour, as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part, to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: for this reason, it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain, that all men who are the least given to reflection are seized with an inclination that way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-humour. In all this the cases of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a

mind that lies open to receive what is pleaſing to others, and not obſtinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it which makes me pleaſed with the character of my good acquaintance Acaſto. You meet him at the tables and converſations of the wiſe, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one ſect of men; but Acaſto has natural good ſenſe, good nature and diſcretion, ſo that every man enjoys himſelf in his company; and though Acaſto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a ſecond time. Without theſe ſubordinate good qualities of Acaſto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind inſtead of being pleaſing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as ſuch, and by that means grow the worſt companions imaginable; they deride the abſent, or rally the preſent, in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneaſy in his ſeat, or ungracefully diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to ſay, the true art of being agreeable in company, (but there can be no ſuch thing as art in it) is to appear well pleaſed with thoſe you are engaged with, and rather to ſeem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus diſpoſed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but eſſentially is ſuch, and in all the parts of his converſation has ſomething friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates mens minds more than the higheſt ſallies of wit or ſtarts of humour can poſſibly do. The feebleneſs of age in a man of this turn, has ſomething which ſhould be treated with reſpect even in a man no otherwiſe venerable. The forwardneſs of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not inſolence, has alſo its allowances. The companion who is formed for ſuch by nature gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accompliſhments as if they were his own. It muſt appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, ſpeaking, I think, of Antony, ſays

that *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt:* 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life is to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances? It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go; and though you are ever so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on the subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

T.

No 387. SATURDAY, May 24.

By ADDISON.

Quid purè tranquillet——

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 102.

What calms the breaſt, and makes the mind ſerene.

IN my laſt Saturday's paper, I ſpoke of chearfulneſs as it is a *moral* habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned ſuch moral motives as are apt to cheriſh and keep alive this happy temper in the ſoul of man: I ſhall now conſider chearfulneſs in its *natural* ſtate, and reflect on thoſe motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Chearfulneſs is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our Engliſh phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſooths and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one

would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Thoſe ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice or ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

There are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakening or grieving it. For this reaſon, ſeveral painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight; on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe: whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion, that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and by keeping up the ſtruggle in a juſt balance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reaſon the poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of Chearful.

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the ſame time both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The huſbandman,

after the ſame manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landſcape, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and increaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them: as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſerts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher, by obſerving, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, as taſtes and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable ſenſations? In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us, that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of dæmon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated French

novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the 'people of England hang and drown themselves, a dis- 'consolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.'

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his essay on human understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God 'hath scattered up and down "several degrees of plea- "sure and pain in all the things that environ and affect "us," and blended them together in almost all that our 'thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding 'imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete hap- 'piness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can 'afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment 'of him, "with whom there is fulness of joy, and at "whose right hand are pleasures for evermore." L

No 388. MONDAY, May 26.

By STEELE.

——*Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior; ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. v. 174.

For thee, I dare unlock the ſacred ſpring,
And arts diſclos'd by ancient ſages ſing.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' IT is my cuſtom, when I read your papers, to read ' over the quotations in the authors from whence you ' take them: as you mentioned a paſſage lately out of ' the ſecond chapter of Solomon's Song, it occaſioned my ' looking into it; and upon reading it, I thought the ' ideas ſo exquiſitely ſoft and tender, that I could not help ' making this paraphraſe of it; which, now it is done, I ' can as little forbear ſending to you. Some marks of ' your approbation, which I have already received, have ' given me ſo ſenſible a taſte of them, that I cannot for- ' bear endeavouring after them as often as I can with ' any appearance of ſucceſs. I am, Sir,

' Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

The Second Chapter of SOLOMON'S SONG.

I.

AS when in Sharon's field the bluſhing roſe
Does its chaſte boſom to the morn diſcloſe,
Whilſt all around the zephyrs bear
The fragrant odours through the air:
Or as the lily in the ſhady vale
Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride prevail,
And ſtands with dews and kindeſt ſun-ſhine bleſt,
In fair pre-eminence, ſuperior to the reſt:
So if my love, with happy influence, ſhed
His eyes bright ſun-ſhine on his lover's head,
Then ſhall the roſe of Sharon's field,
And whiteſt lilies to my beauties yield.

Then faireſt flow'rs with ſtudious art combine,
The roſes with the lilies join,
And their united charms are leſs than mine.

II.

As much as faireſt lilies can ſurpaſs
A thorn in beauty, or in height the graſs;
So does my love among the virgins ſhine,
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,
Heſperian fruit! and beautifully high,
Extends its branches to the ſky;
So does my love the virgin's eyes invite;
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring ſight,
Among ten thouſand eminently bright.

III.

Beneath his pleaſing ſhade
My wearied limbs at eaſe I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haſte;
Sweet was the fruit, and pleaſing to the taſte;
With ſparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,
With gentle ecſtacies he fill'd my ſoul;
Joyous we ſat beneath the ſhady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

IV.

I faint! I die! my labouring breaſt
Is with the mighty weight of love oppreſt:
I feel the fire poſſeſs my heart,
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.
Thro' all my veins the paſſion flies,
My feeble ſoul forſakes its place,
A trembling faintneſs ſeals my eyes,
And paleneſs dwells upon my face;
Oh! let my love with pow'rful odour ſtay
My fainting love-ſick ſoul, that dies away;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other preſs me in a chaſte embrace.

V.

I charge you, nymphs of Sion, as you go
Arm'd with the ſounding quiver and the bow,

Whilſt thro' the loneſome woods you rove,
You ne'er diſturb my ſleeping love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy wings to fan the air;
Let ſacred ſilence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding ſound:
And when the balmy ſlumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys, unknown till then, ariſe.

VI.

But ſee! he comes! with what majeſtic gait
He onward bears his lovely ſtate!
Now thro' the lattice he appears,
With ſofteſt words diſpels my fears;
Ariſe, my fair-one, and receive
All the bleſſings love can give.
For now the ſullen winter's paſt,
No more we fear the northern blaſt:
No ſtorms nor threat'ning clouds appear,
No falling rains deform the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Ariſe, my fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, ſee! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth,
The dews, and ſoft deſcending ſhow'rs,
Nurſe the new-born tender flow'rs.
Hark! the birds melodious ſing,
And ſweetly uſher in the ſpring.
Cloſe by his fellow ſits the dove,
And, billing, whiſpers her his love.
The ſpreading vines with bloſſoms ſwell;
Diffuſing round a grateful ſmell,
Ariſe, my fair-one, and receive
All the bleſſings love can give:
For love admits of no delay,
Ariſe, my fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its mate the conſtant dove,
Flies thro' the covert of the ſpicy grove;
So let us haſten to ſome lonely ſhade,
There let me ſafe in thy lov'd arms be laid,

Where no intruding hateful noiſe
Shall damp the ſound of thy melodious voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace;
For ſweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.

As all of me, my love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the lilies we will play,
Fairer, my love, thou art than they;
Till the purple morn ariſe,
And balmy ſleep forſake thine eyes:
Till the gladſome beams of day
Remove the ſhades of night away;
Then when ſoft ſleep ſhall from thy eyes depart,
Riſe like the bounding roe, or luſty hart,
Glad to behold the light again,
From Bether's mountains darting o'er the plain. T

No 389. TUESDAY, May 27.

By Mr. E. Budgell.

——*Meliora pii docuere parentes.* Hor.

Their pious ſires a better leſſon taught.

NOTHING has more ſurpriſed the learned in England, than the price which a ſmall book, entitled, *Spaccio della Beſtia triomphante*, bore in a late auction (*a*). This book was ſold for thirty pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus Brunus, a profeſſed Atheiſt, with a deſign to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there muſt be ſomething in it very formidable.

I muſt confeſs, that happening to get a ſight of one of them myſelf, I could not forbear peruſing it with this apprehenſion; but found there was ſo very little danger in it, that I ſhall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatiſe is built.

The author pretends that Jupiter once upon a time re-

folved on a reformation of the conftellations; for which purpofe having fummoned the ftars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worfhip of the gods, which he thought fo much the harder, having called feveral of thofe celeftial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the Pagan theology. Momus tells him that this is not to be wondered at, fince there were fo many fcandalous ftories of the deities; upon which the author takes occafion to caft reflections upon all other religions, concluding that Jupiter, after a full hearing, difcarded the deities out of heaven, and called the ftars by the names of the moral virtues.

This fhort fable, which has no pretence in it to reafon or argument, and but a very fmall fhare of wit, has however recommended itfelf wholly by its impiety, to thofe weak men, who would diftinguifh themfelves by the fingularity of their opinions.

There are two confiderations which have been often urged againft Atheifts, and which they never yet could get over. The firft is, that the greateft and moft eminent perfons of all ages have been againft them, and always complied with the public forms of worfhip eftablifhed in their refpective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros (*b*) among the ancients; the Bacons, the Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own countrymen, are all inftances of what I have been faying; not to mention any of the divines, however celebrated, fince our adverfaries challenge all thofe, as men who have too much intereft in this cafe to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a confideration of much more weight, is not only the opinion of the better fort, but the general confent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not poffibly have come to pafs, but from one of the three following reafons; either that the idea of a God is innate and co-exiftent with the mind itfelf; or that this truth is fo very obvious, that it is difcovered by the firft exertion of reafon in perfons of the moft ordinary capacities; or, laftly, that it has been

delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of Atheists, I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused *gabble*, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not, however, to be imagined how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short; even Vanini, the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges that he believed the existence of a God, and taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several arguments to prove that it was impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of Cassimir Lyszinski (*c*), a gentleman of Poland, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe, that if ſomething like this method of puniſhment ſhould prevail in England, ſuch is the natural good ſenſe of the Britiſh nation, that whether we rammed an Atheiſt whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in Poland, we ſhould not have many charges.

I ſhould, however, propoſe, while our ammunition laſted, that inſtead of Tartary, we ſhould always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of Good Hope, in order to ſhoot our unbelievers into the country of the Hottentots.

In my opinion, a ſolemn judicial death is too great an honour for an Atheiſt, though I muſt allow the method of exploding him, as it is practiſed in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has ſomething in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection againſt this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of ſo active a nature that it ſeldom knows where to reſt; for which reaſon I am afraid, after having diſcharged our Atheiſts, we might poſſibly think of ſhooting off our ſectaries; and, as one does not foreſee the viciſſitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated theſe gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I muſt confeſs, for my own part, I think reaſoning againſt ſuch unbelievers upon a point that ſhocks the common ſenſe of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for thoſe perſons who have any ſcheme of religious worſhip, I am for treating ſuch with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and ſhould endeavour to ſhew them their errors with the greateſt temper and humanity; but as theſe miſcreants are for throwing down religion in general, for ſtripping mankind of what themſelves own is of excellent uſe in all great ſocieties, without once offering to eſtabliſh any thing in the room of it; I think the beſt way of dealing with them is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are thoſe of ſcorn and mockery. X

No 390. WEDNESDAY, May 28.

By STEELE.

Non pudendo ſed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus. TULL.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is not to be aſhamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be aſhamed of.

MANY are the epiſtles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the obſervation of ſcandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the unjuſteſt interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They deſcribe their own behaviour ſo unhappily, that there indeed lies ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion upon them. It is certain that there is no authority for perſons who have nothing elſe to do, to paſs away hours of converſation upon the miſcarriages of other people; but ſince they will do ſo, they who value their reputation ſhould be cautious of appearances to their diſadvantage. But very often our young women, as well as the middle aged, and the gay part of thoſe growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpoſe, to a woman, agree upon a ſhort way to preſerve their characters, and go on in a way that at beſt is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has ſaid any thing that bears hard upon ſome part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the moſt cenſorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modeſty; as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in the commiſſion of it. Orbicilla is the kindeſt poor thing in the town, but the moſt bluſhing creature living: it is true, ſhe has not loſt the ſenſe of ſhame, but ſhe has loſt the ſenſe of innocence. If ſhe had more confidence, and never did any thing which ought to ſtain her cheeks, would ſhe not be much more modeſt without that ambiguous ſuffuſion, which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modeſty

conſiſts in being conſcious of no ill, and not in being aſhamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of ſcandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the reſt of mankind fall in with the ill, for fear of reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make calumny either ſilent or ineffectually malicious. Spencer, in his *Fairy Queen*, ſays admirably to young ladies under the diſtreſs of being defamed;

The beſt, ſaid he, that I can you adviſe,
Is to avoid th' occaſion of the ill;
For when the cauſe, whence evil doth ariſe,
Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from pleaſure and reſtrain your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight:
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill;
Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight.

Inſtead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old Queen Beſs's days, the modern way is to do and ſay what you pleaſe, and yet be the *prettieſt ſort of woman in the world*. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, ſhe is quite as ſafe as in her own innocence. Many of the diſtreſſed, who ſuffer under the malice of evil tongues, are ſo harmleſs, that they are every day they live aſleep till twelve at noon; concern themſelves with nothing but their own perſons till two; take their neceſſary food between that time and four; viſit, go to the play, and ſit up at cards till towards the enſuing morn; and the malicious world ſhall draw concluſions from innocent glances, ſhort whiſpers, or pretty familiar railleries with faſhionable men, that theſe fair ones are not as rigid as veſtals. It is certain, ſay theſe good creatures very well, that virtue does not conſiſt in conſtrained behaviour and wry faces, that muſt be allowed: but there is a decency in the aſpect and manner of ladies contracted from a habit of virtue, and from general reflections that regard a modeſt conduct, all which may be underſtood, though they cannot be deſcribed. A young woman of this ſort claims an eſteem mixed with

affection and honour, and meets with no defamation; or if ſhe does, the wild malice is overcome with an undiſturbed perſeverance in her innocence. To ſpeak freely, there are ſuch coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by ſome impertinent tongues of their own ſex, which keep them under ſome reſtraint, we ſhould have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a *Spectator*, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of tale-bearers or ſlanderers, I cannot wholly ſuppreſs them, no more than a general would diſcourage ſpies. The enemy would eaſily ſurpriſe him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is ſo far otherwiſe with me, that I acknowledge I permit a ſhe-ſlanderer or two in every quarter of the town to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the reſt, in order to ſend me information of the behaviour of their reſpective ſiſterhoods.

But, as the matter of reſpect to the world, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is ſo very eaſy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not coſt one hour's reflection in a month to preſerve that appellation. It is pleaſant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other: ſhe is the lazieſt creature in the world, but I muſt confeſs ſtrictly virtuous: the peeviſheſt huſſy breathing, but as to her virtue ſhe is without blemiſh: ſhe has not the leaſt charity for any of her acquaintance, but I muſt allow rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; ſo the crowd of the other ſex terms every woman who will not be a wench virtuous.

T

No 391. THURSDAY, May 29.

By ADDISON.

——Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis:
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: O si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro,
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!—— PERS. Sat. 2. v. 3.

Thy pray'rs the test of heaven will bear:
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear:
While others, even the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief to the temples come;
And in low murmurs and with costly smoke,
Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke,
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust,
In private then,—when wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or,—O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
I should possess th' estate if he were dead. DRYDEN.

WHILE Homer represents Phœnix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentments, and give himself up to the intreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories, which old men take delight in relating, and

which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods, says 'he, suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by intreaties. 'When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, 'they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must 'know, Achilles, that PRAYERS are the daughters of 'Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, 'have their faces full of cares and wrinkles; and their 'eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant at-'tendants on the goddess ATE, and march behind her. 'This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty 'air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole 'earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets 'the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order 'to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who ho-'nours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near 'to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for 'him who rejects them, they intreat their father to give 'his orders to the goddess ATE, to punish him for his 'hardness of heart.' This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess ATE signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think, by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable, without any further inquiries after the author.

'Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up 'into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he 'lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. 'At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries 'as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what 'they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers 'that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, 'amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great, 'that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish 'them, heard the words, *riches*, *honour*, and *long life*, 'repeated in several different tones and languages.

'When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-'door being left open, the voices came up more separate 'and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one, it 'came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the 'wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Me-'nippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend 'Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the 'petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised 'Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again 'full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver 'cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending 'down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a 'voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian 'widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her 'heart: this, says Jupiter, is a very honest fellow: I 'have received a great deal of incense from him; I will 'not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers. He 'was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which 'were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his 'subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus 'was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up 'with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers 'from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suf-'fering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thun-'der could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these pre-'varicating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and 'puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great 'cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to 'the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. This, 'says Jupiter, is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is 'offered me by the general of an army, who is very im-'portunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thou-'sand men that are drawn up in array against him: what 'does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe 'that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as 'himself, and all this to his glory forsooth! But hark, 'says Jupiter, there is a voice I never heard but in time 'of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian 'sea; I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his 'promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth 'a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple, 'if I will keep him from sinking.—But yonder, says he,

'is a ſpecial youth for you, he deſires me to take his father, who keeps a great eſtate from him, out of the miſeries of human life. The old fellow ſhall live till he makes his heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the ſoft voice of a pious lady, deſiring Jupiter that ſhe might appear amiable and charming in the ſight of her emperor. As the philoſopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at firſt miſtook for a gale of *zephyrs*, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of ſighs: they ſmelt ſtrong of flowers and incenſe, and were ſucceeded by moſt paſſionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, deſpair, and death. Menippus fancied that ſuch lamentable cries aroſe from ſome general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the iſle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the ſame nature from that whimſical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. I am ſo trifled with, ſays he, by this generation of both ſexes, and find it ſo impoſſible to pleaſe them, whether I grant or refuſe their petitions, that I ſhall order a weſtern wind for the future to intercept them in their paſſage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The laſt petition I heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promiſing to die contented. This is the rareſt old fellow! ſays Jupiter. He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he deſired only that he might live to ſee his ſon ſettled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the ſame favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might ſee the education of a grandſon: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finiſh a houſe he was building. In ſhort, he is an unreaſonable old cur, and never wants an excuſe: I will hear no more of him. Upon which he flung down the trap door in a paſſion, and was reſolved to give no more audiences that day.'

Notwithſtanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deſerves our attention, and is the ſame with

that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Perſius, who have each of them made the fineſt ſatire in their whole works upon this ſubject. The vanity of mens wiſhes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of thoſe ſecret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are ſufficiently expoſed by it. Among other reaſons for ſet forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of mens deſires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in abſurd and ridiculous petitions, on ſo great and ſolemn an occaſion. I

No 392. FRIDAY, May 30.

By STEELE.

Per ambages et miniſteria deorum
Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus. PETRON.

By fable's aid ungovern'd fancy ſoars,
And claims the miniſtry of heav'nly pow'rs.

To the SPECTATOR.

The transformation of Fidelio into a looking-glaſs.

'I WAS lately at a tea-table, where ſome young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had been diſcovered practiſing before her glaſs. To turn the diſcourſe, which, from being witty, grew to be malicious, the matron of the family took occaſion, from the ſubject, to wiſh that there were to be found amongſt men ſuch faithful monitors to dreſs the mind by, as we conſult to adorn the body. She added, that if a ſincere friend were miraculouſly changed into a looking-glaſs, ſhe ſhould not be aſhamed to aſk its advice very often. This whimſical thought worked ſo much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

'Methought, that as I ſtood before my glaſs, the image of a youth, of an open and ingenuous aſpect, appeared in

'it; who with a ſmall ſhrill voice ſpoke in the following 'manner.

'The looking-glaſs, you ſee, was heretofore a man, even 'I the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whoſe 'deformity in ſhape was made up by the clearneſs of 'their underſtanding: it muſt be owned, however, that '(as it generally happens) they had each a perverſeneſs 'of humour ſuitable to their diſtortion of body. The 'eldeſt, whoſe belly ſunk in monſtrouſly, was a great 'coward; and though his ſplenetic contracted temper 'made him take fire immediately, he made objects that 'beſet him appear greater than they were. The ſecond, 'whoſe breaſt ſwelled into a bold relievo, on the contra-'ry, took great pleaſure in leſſening every thing, and was 'perfectly the reverſe of his brother. Theſe oddneſſes 'pleaſed company once or twice, but diſguſted when oft-'en ſeen; for which reaſon the young gentlemen were 'ſent from court to ſtudy mathematics at the univerſity.

'I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, 'and reckoned a bright polite gentleman. I was the con-'fident and darling of all the fair; and if the old and 'ugly ſpoke ill of me all the world knew it was becauſe 'I ſcorned to flatter them. No ball, no aſſembly, was at-'tended till I had been conſulted. Flavia coloured her 'hair before me, Celia ſhewed me her teeth, Panthea 'heaved her boſom, Cleora brandiſhed her diamonds; 'I have ſeen Cloe's foot, and tied artificially the garters 'of Rhodope.

'It is a general maxim, that thoſe who doat upon 'themſelves can have no violent affection for another; 'but on the contrary, I found that the womens paſſion 'for me roſe in proportion to the love they bore to 'themſelves. This was verified in my amour with Nar-'ciſſa, who was ſo conſtant to me, that it was pleaſantly 'ſaid, had I been little enough, ſhe would have hung 'me at her girdle. The moſt dangerous rival I had, was 'a gay empty fellow, who by the ſtrength of a long in-'tercourſe with Narciſſa, joined to his natural endow-'ments, had formed himſelf into a perfect reſemblance 'with her. I had been diſcarded, had ſhe not obſerved 'that he frequently aſked my opinion about matters of

the laſt conſequence: this made me ſtill more conſiderable in her eye.

'Though I was eternally careſſed by the ladies, ſuch was their opinion of my honour, that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narciſſa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous converſation; for though he was at ſuch a diſtance that he could hear nothing, he imagined ſtrange things from her airs and geſtures. Sometimes with a ſerene look ſhe ſtepped back in a liſtning poſture, and brightened into an innocent ſmile. Quickly after ſhe ſwelled into an air of majeſty and diſdain, then kept her eyes half ſhut after a languiſhing manner, then covered her bluſhes with her hand, breathed a ſigh, and ſeemed ready to ſink down. In ruſhed the furious lover; but how great was his ſurpriſe to ſee no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back againſt the wall betwixt two windows?

'It were endleſs to recount all my adventures. Let me haſten to that which coſt me my life, and Narciſſa her happineſs.

'She had the misfortune to have the ſmall-pox, upon which I was expreſsly forbid her ſight, it being apprehended that it would increaſe her diſtemper, and that I ſhould infallibly catch it at the firſt look. As ſoon as ſhe was ſuffered to leave her bed, ſhe ſtole out of her chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with tranſport to her darling, and without mixture of fear, leſt I ſhould diſlike her. But oh me! what was her fury when ſhe heard me ſay, I was afraid and ſhocked at ſo loathſome a ſpectacle. She ſtepped back, ſwollen with rage to ſee if I had the inſolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed paſſion had increaſed her uglineſs. Enraged, inflamed, diſtracted, ſhe ſnatched a bodkin, and with all her force ſtabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preſerved my ſincerity, and expreſſed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the laſt I mimicked the deformity of my murdereſs.

'Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pitied the fate of ſo uſeful a ſervant as I was, obtained of the Deſtinies, that my body ſhould be made incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had poſſeſſed. I imme-

'diately lost the figure of a man, and became smooth, 'polished, and bright, and to this day am the first fa-'vourite of the ladies.

T

No 393. SATURDAY, May 31.

By ADDISON.

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.

VIRG. Georg. 1. v. 412.

Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in Denmark.

'Dear Sir, *Copenhagen, May* 1, 1710.

'THE spring with you has already taken possession 'of the fields and woods: now is the season of so-'litude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings; 'now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds 'to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer 'climates, am not without my discontents at present. 'You, perhaps, may laugh at me for a most romantic 'wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of 'my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my un-'happiness real, in being confined to a region, which is 'the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all 'of them unpleasant, and the country, quite destitute of 'rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook 'murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest 'with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. 'Every wind here is a tempest, and ever water a tur-'bulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will 'not think the grounds of my complaint in the least fri-'volous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since 'the love of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and

'fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our na-
'tures the most early of any, even before the fair sex
'had a being. I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should chuse to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual chearfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
All sadness but despair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very

useful to the sensual and voluptuous; those speculations which shew the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a chearfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing he sees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay, on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When

we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The chearfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness: a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness. I

No 394. MONDAY, June 2.

By STEELE.

Bene colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis et servis et servorum simillimis liberis esse grata: gravi verò homini, et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti, probari posse nullo modo.

TULL.

It is rightly inferred, that these things are pleasing to children, women, and slaves, and even to such free men as greatly resemble slaves; but can by no means be approved by a man of figure and character, and who forms a right judgment of things.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give men accesses to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance.

You see in elections for members to sit in parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: for his ease and comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the expence of any great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride, in some particular disguise or other, (often a secret to the proud man himself) is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a secretary of state in Spain, who served a prince who was happy in an elegant use of the Latin tongue, and often writ dispatches in it with his own hand. The king shewed his secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause. The honest man read it as a faithful counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some expressions; but mended the phrase in others. You may guess the dispatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own house, sent for his eldest son, and communicated to him, that the family must retire out of Spain as soon as possible; for, said he, the king knows I understand Latin better than he does.

This egregious fault in a man of the world, should be a lesson to all who would make their fortunes: but a regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common sense must look with secret indignation, or

bridled laughter, on all the ſlaves who ſtand round him with ready faces to approve and ſmile at all he ſays in the groſs. It is good comedy enough to obſerve a ſuperior talking half ſentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with ſuch perplexity, that he knows not what to ſneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaiſance is peculiarly the manner of courts; in all other places you muſt conſtantly go farther in compliance with the perſons you have to do with, than a mere conformity of looks and geſtures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good ſtomach, a loud voice, and ruſtic chearfulneſs will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was juſt now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would adviſe people to practiſe under ſome maxim, and intimated, that every one almoſt was governed by his pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago ſo peeviſh and fretful, though a man of buſineſs, that no one could come at him: but he frequented a particular little coffee-houſe, where he triumphed over every body at trick-track and backgammon. The way to paſs his office well, was firſt to be inſulted by him at one of thoſe games in his leiſure hours; for his vanity was to ſhew, that he was a man of pleaſure as well as buſineſs. Next to this ſort of inſinuation which is called in all places (from its taking its birth in the houſeholds of princes) making one's court, the moſt prevailing way is, by what better bred people call a preſent, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly conceive that ſuch a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a *billet-doux* that ſhould be underſtood at the *bank*, than in groſs money: but as to ſtubborn people, who are ſo ſurly as to accept of neither note nor caſh, having formerly dabbled in chymiſtry, I can only ſay, that one part of matter aſks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be diſſolved by a proper mean: thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, ſhall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The iſland of Barbadoes (a ſhrewd people) manage all their appeals to Great Britain, by a ſkilful diſtribution of citron water among the whiſperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great

points, where ten thouſand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the ſundry ways of applying by preſents, bribes, management of people's paſſions and affections, in ſuch a manner as it ſhall appear that the virtue of the beſt man is by one method or other corruptible, let us look out for ſome expedient to turn thoſe paſſions and affections on the ſide of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a poſition, that parting with his integrity, in the minuteſt circumſtance, is loſing ſo much of his very ſelf, ſelf-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of diſlike and approbation; and he that injures any man, has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himſelf. This ſeems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reaſon, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt. T

APPENDIX.

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

No 323.

(*a*) This quotation ſeems to have been made at random; the expreſſion is,

——Et Juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina, En. 6. l. 448.

'A man before, now to a woman chang'd.'

(*b*) A term in the game of Baſſet.

No 324.

(*a*) This letter is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been written by Swift, who had great apprehenſions of being murdered by ſome of of theſe gentry.

(*b*) The title of one of the four Indian Kings who viſited England.

(*c*) This is a genuine letter communicated by the ingenious antiquary Mr. Willis to Steele—The remainder is here given on good authority—" good matches amongſt neighbours. My mother, " peace be to her ſoul, the good old gentlewoman left me good " ſtore of houſehold linen of her own ſpinning, a cheſt full. If " you and I lay our means together, it ſhall go hard but I will " pave the way to well. Your loving ſervant till death. Mr. " Gabriel Bullock, now my father, is dead."

No 327.

(*a*) See Taſſo's deſcription of Michael's deſcent from heaven, 69. v. 60.

Homer Il. 24. v. 339. Virgil En. 4. v. 238.

No 328.

(*a*) The original paper, No. 328. was written by Steele, but withdrawn, and this written by Addiſon, and ſubſtituted for it.

(*b*) A noted toyman in Fleetſtreet, who retired with a great fortune.

No 334.

(*a*) See an eſſay towards the hiſtory of dancing, by John Weaver, 1712.

No 335.

(*a*) Gentlemen wore about this time a neckcloth called a *steenkirk*: in the same manner *wigs* were at first called *Ramilies*, because first worn about the time of that battle in 1706.

No 336.

(*a*) See Nos. 73, 79, 87, 155, 534.

No 338.

(*a*) Steele was the author of the prologue to the distressed mother. The epilogue was written by Mr. Budgell. For remarks on this play, see Nos. 290, 335, 555.

No 339.

(*a*) A poem by Sir Richard Blackmore, M. D

No 341.

(*a*) A tragedy by Mr. E. Neal. Addison wrote a prologue to this play, in ridicule of Italian operas, and Prior wrote the epilogue here mentioned.

No 364.

(*a*) This letter was written by the Earl of Hardwicke.

No 384.

(*a*) Four sermons published by Dr. Fleetwood, 1712. The preface to them was ordered by the house of commons to be burnt. In consequence of this No. of the Spectator, above 14,000 of the preface was quickly sold off. Johnson.

No 385.

(*a*) The goddess Friendship was represented with her left side bare, her hand pointing to her heart, with these words, *far and near*. The inscription on her was *summer and winter*, the bottom of her gown was bound about with these words, *life and death*.

No 389.

(*a*) This book was for some time so little regarded, that it sold often for two shillings. The same copy, as above referred to, has since been sold for L. 50 Sterling. There was an edition of it in English, printed in 1713.

(*b*) See Gent Dict. vol. 3d, p. 626. Art. Bruno.

(*c*) Vanini was a priest of irregular life and atheistical principles, which he industriously disseminated. His tongue was cut out, and he was burnt at Toulous in February 1619. Lysinski suffered at Warsaw in 1689, but it does not appear that he ever published any thing.

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THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.